The Spiritual Age.

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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Spiritual and Reform Literature.

THE OLD LADY'S STORY.

WHY SHE NEVER MARRIED.

I have never told you my secret, my dear nieces. However, this Christmas, which may well be the last to an old woman, I will give the whole story; for though it is a strange story, and a sad one, it is true; and what sin there was in it, I trust I may have expatiated by my tears and my repentance. Perhaps the last expiation of all is this painful confession.

We were very young at the time, Lucy and I, and the neighbors said we were pretty. So we were, I believe, though entirely different; for Lucy wae quiet and fair, and I was full of life and spirits—wild beyond any power of control, and reckless.

I was the elder by two years, but more fit to be in leading strings myself than to guide or govern my sister. But she was so good, so quiet, and so wise, that she needed no one's guidance; for if advice was to be given, it was she who gave it, not I—and I never knew her judgement or perception to fail. She was the darling of the house.

My mother had died soon after Lucy was born. A picture in the dining room of her, in spite of all the difference of dress, was exactly like Lucy; and as Lucy was now seventeen, and my mother had been only eighteen when it was taken, there was no discrepancy of years.

One Allhallow's eve a party of us—all young girls, not one of us twenty years of age—were trying our fortunes round the drawing room fire—throwing nuts into the brightest blaze, to hear if mythic "He's" loved any of us, and in what proportion; or in pouring hot lead into water, to find cradles and rings, or purses and coffins, or breaking the whites of eggs into tumblers half full of water, and then drawing up the white into pictures of the future—the prettiest experiment of all.

I remember Lucy could only make a recumbent figure of hers, like a marble monument in miniature; and I, a maze of masks and skulls and things that looked like dancing apes or imps, and vapory lines that did not require much imagination to fashion into ghosts and spirits, for they were clearly human in the outline, but thin and vapory.

And we all laughed a great deal, and teased one another, and were as full of fun and mischief, and innocence and thoughtlessness, as a nest of young birds.

There was a certain room at the other end of our rambling old manor house which was said to be haunted, and which my father had therefore discontinued as a dwelling room, so that we children might not be frightened by foolish servants; and he had made it into a lumber place—a kind of ground floor granary—where no one had any business.

Well, it was proposed that one of us should go into this room alone, lock the door, stand before the glass, pare and eat an apple very deliberately, looking fixedly in the glass all the time; and then, if the mind never once wandered, the future husband would be clearly shown in the glass.

As I was always the foolhardy girl of the party, and was, moreover, very desirous of seeing that apocryphal individual, my future husband, (whose non-appearance I used to wonder at and bewail in secret,) I was glad enough to make the trial, notwithstanding the entreaties of some of the more timid.

Lucy, above all, clung to me, and besought me earnestly not to go—at last, almost with tears. But my pride of courage, and my curiosity, and a certain nameless feeling of attraction, were too strong for me. I laughed Lucy and her abettors into silence; uttered half a dozen bravadoes; and taking up a bedroom candle, passed through the long, silent passages, to the cold, dark, deserted room, my heart beating with excitement, my foolish head dizzy with hope and faith. The church clock chimed a quarter past twelve as I opened the door.

It was an awful night. The windows shook as if every instant they would burst in with some strong man's hand on the bars, and his shoulder against the trees howled and shrieked, as if each branch were sentient and in pain. The ivy beat against the window, sometimes with fury, and sometimes with the leaves slowly scraping against the glass, and drawing out long, shrill sounds, like spirits crying to each other.

In the room itself it was worse. Rats had made it their refuge for many years, and they rushed behind the wainscot and down inside the walls, bringing with them showers of lime and dust, which rattled like chains, or sounded like men's feet hurrying to and fro; and every now and then, a cry broke through the room, one could not tell from where or from what, but a cry, distinct and human; heavy blows seemed to be struck on the floor, which cracked like parting ice beneath my feet, and loud knockings shook the walls.

Yet in this tumult I was not afraid. I reasoned on each new sound very calmly, and said—

"Those are rats," or "those are leaves," or "birds in the chimney," or "owls in the ivy," as each new howl or scream struck my ear. And I was not in the least frightened or disturbed; it all seemed natural and familiar.

I placed the candle on the table in the midst of the room, where an old broken mirror stood, and, looking steadily into the glass, (having first wiped off the dust,) I began to eat Eve's forbidden fruit, wishing intently, as I had been bidden, for the apparition of my future husband.

In about ten minutes I heard a dull, vague, unearthly sound, felt, not heard. It was as if countless wings rushed by, and small, low voices whispering too; as if a crowd, a multitude of life was about me; as if shadowy faces crushed up against me, and eyes and hands, and sneering lips, all mocked me. I was suffocated. The air was so heavy, so filled with life, that I could not breathe. I was pressed on from all sides, and could not turn nor move without parting thickening vapors.

I heard my own name—I can swear to that to-day! I heard it repeated through the room; and then bursts of laughter followed, and the wings rustled and fluttered, and the whispering voices mocked and chatted, and the heavy air, so filled with life, hung heavier and thicker, and the things pressed up to me closer, and checked the breath on my lips with the clammy breath from theirs,

I was not alarmed; I was not excited; but I was fascinated and spell-bound; yet with every sense seeming to possess ten times its natural power. I still went on looking in the glass, still earnestly desiring an apparition, when suddenly I saw a man's face peering over my shoulder in the glass.

Girls, I could draw that face to this hour! The low forehead, with the short, curling hair, black as jet, growing down in a sharp point; the dark eyes, beneath thick eyebrows, burn-with a peculiar light; the nose and the dilated nostrils; the thin lips, curling into a smile, I see them all plainly before me now. And, O, the smile that it was! the mockery and sneer, the derision, the sarcasm, the contempt, the victory that were in it! even then it struck into me a sense of submission.

The eyes looked full into mine; those eyes and mine fastened on each other; and, as I ended my task, the church clock chimed the half hour.

Suddenly released, as if from a spell, I turned round, expecting to see a living man standing beside me. But I met only the chill air coming in from the loose window, and the solitude of the dark night. The life had gone; the wings had rushed away; the voices had died out; and I was alone, with the rats behind the wainscot, the owls hooting in the ivy, and the wind howling through the trees.

Convinced that either some trick had been played me, or some one was concealed in the room, I searched every corner of it. I lifted lids of boxes filled with the dust of ages and with rotting paper lying like bleaching skin. I took down the chimney board, and soot and ashes flew up in clouds. I opened dim old chests, where all manner of foul insects had made their homes, and where daylight had not entered for generations, but I found nothing. Satisfied that nothing human was in the room, and that no one could have been there to-night, nor for many months, if not years, and still nerved to a state of desperate courage, I went back to the drawing room.

But, as I left that room I felt that something flowed out with me; and all through the long passages, I retained the sensation that this something was behind me. My steps were heavy, the consciousness of pursuit having paralyzed, not quickened me; for I know that when I left that haunted room I had not left it alone.

As I opened the drawing room door, the blazing fire and the strong lamp-light bursting out upon me with a peculiar expression of cheerfulness and welcome, I heard a laugh close at my elbow, and felt a hot blast across my neck.

I started back, but the laugh died away, and all I saw were two points of light, fiery and flaming, that somehow fashioned themselves into eyes beneath their heavy brows, and looked at me meaningly through the darkness.

They all wanted to know what I had seen, but I refused to say a word, not liking to tell a falsehood then, and not liking to expose myself to ridicule. For I felt that what I had seen was true, and that no sophistry and no argument, no reasoning and no ridicule could shake my belief in it.

My sweet Lucy came up to me, seeing me look so pale and wild, threw her arms around my neck, and leaned forward to kiss me. As she bent her head, I felt the same warm blast rush over my lips, and my sister cried—

"Why, Lizzie, your lips burn like fire!"

And so they did, for long after. The presence was with me still, never leaving me day or night. By my pillow, its whispering voice often waking me from wild dreams; by my side in the broad sunlight; by my side in the still moonlight; never absent, busy at my brain, busy at my heart, a form ever banded to me. It flitted like a cloud between my sweet sister's eyes and mine, and dimmed them so that I could scarcely see their beauty. It drowned my father's voice, and his words fell confused and indistinct.

Not long after a strange man came into our neighborhood.—He bought Green Howe, a deserted old property by the river side, where no one had lived for many, many years; not since the young bride, Mrs. Braithwaite, had been found in the river one morning, entangled among the dark weeds and dripping alders, strangled and drowned, and her husband dead, none knew how, lying by the chapel door. The place had had a bad name ever since, and no one would live there.

However, it was said that a stranger, who had been long in the East, a Mr. Felix, had now bought it, and that he was coming to reside there. And, true enough, one day the whole of our little town of Thornhill was in a state of excitement, for a travelling carriage and four, followed by another full of servants, Hindoos, or Lascars, or negroes, dark-colored, strange looking people, passed through, and Mr. Felix took possession of Green Howe.

My father called on him after a time, and I, as the mistress of the house, went with him. Green Howe had been changed, as if by magic, and we both said so together, as we entered the iron gates that led up the broad walk. The ruined garden was one mass of plants, fresh and green, many of them quite new to me; and the shrubbery, which had been a wilderness, was restored to order.

The house looked larger than before, now that it was so beautifully decorated; and the broken trellis work, which used to hang dangling among the ivy, was matted with creeping roses and jasmine, which left on me the impression of having been in flower, which was impossible. It was a fairy palace, and we could scarcely believe that this was the deserted, ill-omened Green Howe.

The foreign servants, in Eastern dresses, covered with rings, and necklaces, and earrings, the foreign smells of sandal wood, and camphor, and musk; the curtains that hung everywhere in place of doors, some of velvet, and some of cloth of gold; the air of luxury, such as I, a simple country girl, had never seen before, made such a powerful impression on me that I felt as if carried away to some unknown region.

As we entered, Mr. Felix came to meet us, drawing aside a heavy curtain that seemed all of gold and fire—for the flame-colored flowers danced and quivered on the gold—he led us into an inner room, where the darkened light, the atmosphere heavy with perfumes, the statues, the birds like living jewels, the magnificence of stuffs, and the luxuriousness of arrangement overpowered me. I felt as if I had sunk into a lethargy, in which I heard only the rich voice, and saw only the form of our stranger host.

He was certainly very handsome; tall, dark, yet pale as marble; his very lips were pale; with eyes that were extremely bright, but which had an expression behind them that subdued me. His manners were graceful. He was very cordial to us, and made us stay a long time, taking us through his grounds to see his improvements, and pointing out here and there further alterations to be made, all with such a disregard for local difficulties, and for cost, that, had he been one of the princes of the genii, he could not have talked more royally.

He was more than merely attentive to me, speaking to me often and in a lower voice, bending down near to me, and looking at me with eyes that thrilled through every nerve and fibre.

I saw that my father was uneasy; and when we left, I asked him how he liked our new neighbor. He said, "Not much, Lizzie," with a grave and almost displeased look, as if he had probed the weakness I was scarcely conscious of myself. I thought at the time that he was harsh.

However, as there was nothing positively to object to in Mr. Felix, my father's impulse of distrust could not well be indulged without rudeness; and my dear father was too thoroughly a gentleman ever to be rude even to his enemy. We therefore saw a great deal of the stranger, who established himself in our house on the most familiar footing, and forced on my father and Lucy an intimacy they both disliked but could not avoid. For it was forced with such consummate skill and tact, that there was nothing which the most rigid could object to.

I gradually became an altered being under his influence. In one thing only a happier—in the loss of the voice and the form which had haunted me. Since I had known Felix this terror had gone. The reality had absorbed the shadow. But in nothing else was this strange man's influence over me beneficial. I remember that I used to hate myself for my excessive irritability of temper when I was away from him.

Everything at home displeased me. Everything seemed so small and mean, and old and poor after the lordly glory of that house; and the very caresses of my family and the olden schoolday friends were irksome and hateful to me.

All except my Lucy lost its charm, and to her I was faithful as ever; to her I never changed. But her influence seemed to war with his wonderfully. When with him I felt borne away in a torrent. His words fell upon me mysterious and thrilling, and he gave me fleeting glimpses into worlds which had never opened themselves to me before—glimpses seen and gone like the Arabian gardens.

When I came back to my sweet sister, her pure eyes and the holy light that lay in them, her gentle voice speaking of the sacred things of heaven and the earnest things of life, seemed to me like a former existence—a state I had lived in years ago. But this divided influence nearly killed me; it seemed to part my very soul and wrench my being in twain; and this more than all the rest, made me sad beyond anything people believed possible in one so gay and reckless as I had been.

My father's dislike to Felix increased daily, and Lucy, who had never been known to use a harsh word in her life, from the first refused to believe a thought of good in him, or to allow him one single claim to praise. She used to cling to me in a wild, beseeching way, and entreat me with prayers, such as a mother might have poured out before an erring child, to stop in time, and return to those who loved me.

"For your soul is lost from among us, Lizzie," she used to say; "and nothing but a frame remains of the full life of love you once gave us!"

But one word, one look from Felix was enough to make me forget every tear and every prayer of her who, until now, had been my idol and my law.

At last my dear father commanded me not to see Felix again. I felt as if I should have died. In vain I wept and prayed.—In vain I gave full license to my thoughts, and suffered words to pour from my lips which ought never to have crept into my heart. In vain; my father was inexorable.

I was in the drawing room. Suddenly, noiselessly, Felix was beside me. He had not entered by the door, which was directly in front of me, and the window was closed. I never could understand this sudden appearance, for I am certain that he had not been concealed.

"Your father has spoken of me, Lizzie?" he said with a singular smile.

I was silent.

"And has forbidden you to see me again?" he continued.

"Yes," I answered, impelled to speak by something stronger than my will.

"And you intend to obey him?"

"No," I said again, in the same manner, as if I had been talking in a dream.

He smiled again. Who was he so like when he smiled? I could not remember, and yet I knew that he was like some one I had seen—a face that hovered outside my memory, on the horizon, and never floated near enough to be distinctly realized.

"You are right Lizzie," he then said; "there are ties which are stronger than a father's commands; ties which no man has the power to break. Meet me to-morrow at noon in the Low Lane; we will speak further."

He did not say this in any supplicating, nor in any loving manner; it was simply a command, unaccompanied by one tender word or look. He had never said he loved me—never; it seemed to be too well understood between us to need assurances.

"I answered, "yes," burying my face in my hands, in shame at this my first act of disobedience to my father, and when I raised my head, he was gone. Gone as he had entered, without a footfall sounding ever so lightly.

I met him the next day, and it was not the only time that I did so. Day after day I stole at his command from the house, to walk with him in the Low Lane—the lane which, the country people said was haunted, and which was consequently always deserted.

And there we used to walk or sit under the blighted elm tree for hours, he talking, but I not understanding all he said; for there was a tone of grandeur and of mystery in his words that overpowered without enlightening me, and that left my spirit dazzled rather than convinced.

I had to give reasons at home for my long absences, and he bade me say that I had been with old Dame Todd, the blind widow of Thornhill Rise, and that I had been reading the Bible to her. And I obeyed, although while I said it, I felt Lucy's eyes fixed plaintively on mine, and heard her murmur a prayer that I might be forgiven.

Lucy grew ill. As the flowers and the summer sun came on, her spirit faded more rapidly away. I have known since, that it was grief more than malady which was killing her. The look of nameless suffering which used to be in her face, has haunted me through life with undying sorrow. It was suffering that I, who ought to have rather died for her, had caused.

But not even her illness stayed me. In the intervals, I nursed her tenderly and lovingly as before; but for hours and hours I left her—all through the long days of summer—to walk in the Low Lane, and to sit in my world of poetry and fire.

When I came back my sister was often weeping, and I knew that it was for me—I, who once would have given my life to save her from one hour of sorrow. Then I would fling myself on my knees before her, in an agony of shame and repentance, and promise better things of the morrow and vow strong efforts againts the power and spell that were on me. But the morrow subjected me to the same unhallowed fascination, the same faithlessness.

At last Felix told me that I must come with him; that I must leave my home, and take part in his life; that I belonged to him and to him only, and that I could not break the tablet of a fate ordained; that I was his destiny and he mine, and that I must fulfil the law which the stars had written in the sky. I fought against this. I spoke of my father's anger, and my sister's illness. I prayed to him for pity, not to force this on me, and knelt in the shadows of the autumn sunset to ask his forbearance.

I did not yield this day, nor the next, nor for many days.—At last he conquered. When I said "Yes," he kissed the scarf I wore round my neck. Until then he had never touched even my hand with his lips. I consented to leave my sister, who I well knew was dying; I consented to leave my father whose whole life had been one act of love and care for his children, and to bring a stain on our name, unstained until then; I consented to leave those who loved me, all I loved, for a stranger.

All was prepared; the hurrying clouds, lead colored, and the howling wind, the fit companions in nature with the evil and despair of my soul. Lucy was worse to-day; but though felt going to my death in leaving her, I could not resist. Had his voice called me to the scaffold, I must have gone.

It was the last day of October, and at midnight when I was to leave the house. I had kissed my sleeping sister, who was dreaming in her sleep, and cried, and grasped my hand, calling aloud—

"Lizzie! Lizzie! Come back!"

But the spell was on me, and I left her; and still her dreaming voice called out, choking with sobs—

"Not there! not there, Lizzie! Come back to me!"

I was to leave the house by the large, old haunted room that I have spoken of before, Felix waiting for me outside. And, a little after twelve o'clock, I opened the door to pass through. This time the chill, and the damp, and the darkness unnerved me. The broken mirror was in the middle of the room, as before, and in passing it, I mechanically raised my eyes.

Then I remembered that it was Allhallow's eve, the anniversary of the apparition of last year. As I looked, the room, which had been so deadly still, became filled with the sound I had heard before. The rushing of large wings, and the crowd of whispering voices flowed like a river round me; and again, glaring into my eyes, was the same face in the glass that I had seen before, the sneering smile, even more triumphant, the blighting stare of the fiery eyes, and the low brow and the coal black hair, and the look of mockery. All were there, and all I had seen before and since; for it was Felix who was gazing at me from the glass. When I turned to speak to him, the room was empty. Not a living creature was there—only a low laugh, and the far-off voices whispering, and the wings.—And then a hand tapped on the window, and the voice of Felix cried from outside—

"Come, Lizzie, come!"

I staggered, rather than walked to the window, and as I was close to it, my hand raised to open it, there stood between me and it a pale figure clothed in white, her face more pale than the linen round it. Her hair hung down on her breast, and her blue eyes looked earnestly and mournfully into mine. She was silent and yet it seemed as if a volume of love and of entreaty flowed from her lips; as if I heard words of deathless affection.

It was Lucy, standing there in this bitter midnight cold, giving her life to save me. Felix called to me again, impatiently, and as he called, the figure turned, and beckoned me; beckoned me gently, lovingly, beseechingly; and then slowly faded away.

The chime of the half hour sounded, and I fled from the room to my sister. I founded her lying dead on the floor, her hair hanging over her breast, and one hand stretched out as if in supplication.

The next day Felix disappeared—he and his whole retinue—and Green Howe fell into ruins again. No one knew where he went, and no one knew from whence he came. And to this day I sometimes doubt whether or not he was a clever adventurer, who had heard of my father's wealth, and who, seeing my weak and imaginative character, had acted on it for his own purposes.

All that I do know is, that my sister's spirit saved me from ruin, and that she died to save me. She had seen and known all, and gave herself for my salvation down to the last and supreme effort she made to rescue me. She died at that hour of half past twelve, and at half past twelve, as I live before you all, she appeared to me and recalled me.

And this is the reason why I never married, and why I pass Allhallow's eve in prayer by my sister's grave. I have told you to-night this story of mine, because I feel that I shall not live over another last night of October, but before the next white Christmas roses come out like winter stars on the earth, I shall be at peace in the grave. Not in the grave; let me rather hope with my blessed sister in Heaven.

Mind and Body.

The necessary connection of the condition of the body and of the mind is a matter of universal and constant experience. Mental influences affect the physical health; and the state of the body, on the other hand, exerts a powerful effect on the mind. In treating of health, it is therefore necessary to consider the management of the thoughts and passions. In some diseases, physical and mental disorders are so complicated and blended together, that it is impossible to tell in which the derangement had its origin. Even when the disturbance does not go to the length of disease, the mutual influence of the mind and body may play an important part in the question of health. The body is constantly acted on through the mind, and this way of reaching and influencing the corporeal health deserves more attention than it usually receives.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

A. E. NEWTON, S. B. BRITTAN, L. B. MONROE,
EDITORS.

Principal Office,—No. 14 Bromfield Street, (up stairs,) Boston, Mass
LEWIS B. MONROE Business Agent.
New York Office.—At Munson's Bookstore, 5 Great Jones Street.
S. B. BRITTAN, Agent
Chicago Office.—No. 81 Dearborn St., opposite the Post Office.
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SPIRITUALISM IN RELIGION.—NO. XIX.

SACRIFICES (CONTINUED).

While the gross and external in all ages have looked upon the ceremonial rites of sacrifice—the blood and death and devouring fire—as possessing some value in themselves, in that they served to propitiate the wrath of an offended Deity, the more enlightened and spiritual have seen through these representations to the truth behind them. Thus we find in the Code of Menu, a very ancient portion of the Hindoo Scriptures, considered next in antiquity and authority to the Vedas, the following remarkable statement:

"The sacrifice required of Brahmins is to gain knowledge and instruct others; of the Cshatriyas [warriors] that they protect others; of the Vaisyas [merchants], that they supply wants by commerce; of the Soodras [laborers], that they serve others."

In other words, true sacrifice is the renunciation of self and selfish pursuits, and the devotion of the life to the general good (or to God).

In the Hebrew sacred writings, this fact is exhibited still more distinctly. Although Moses, the Lawgiver of the nation, claiming to speak as the mouth-piece of Jehovah himself, had prescribed a routine of sacrificial rites in the most exact and positive terms, as a means of atonement for sin, yet we find a more spiritual writer, a few centuries subsequently, exclaiming, as he realized the depth of his own guilt:

"For thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it;
Thou delightest not in burnt-offering.
The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit:
A broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."—*Psalm* xiv. 16, 17.

And again:

"Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; mine ears hast thou opened:
Burnt-offering and sin-offering hast thou not required.
Then said I, Lo, I come; in the volume of the Book it is written of me,
I delight to do thy will, O my God; yea thy law is written in my heart."—*Ps.* xl.

The sentiment of these passages seems unmistakable. A "broken spirit" is one which has resigned its own selfish will, or sacrificed *itself*, and with sorrow and contrition for past sins, seeks to know and to do the will of God, or universal good. To have one's "ears opened," is to come to an understanding of what was before not understood. The writer of this Psalm seems to say that he now understands the internal truth shadowed forth in the external rite—he sees that the latter is no longer of any value to him, or required by Deity—and he is ready to devote *himself*, instead of a bullock, to God; that is, he now delights to DO THE WILL of God (in other words, to do right); and he finds the divine law written, not in the ritual of Moses, but in his own heart.

The passage last quoted is generally interpreted by "orthodox" commentators, to apply specially to Jesus the Christ.—It certainly applies to every one in whom the Christ spirit is incarnated, or whose inner spiritual nature is quickened into activity. Such an one "delights in the law of God, after the inward man," as Paul expressed it. So has it been with the truly spiritual in all ages. Even Solomon declared that

"To do justice and judgment is more acceptable to the Lord than sacrifice."—*Prov.* xxi. 3.

Some of the later Hebrew prophets express the same sense of the worthlessness and even abomination of external sacrifices in still stronger language. Hear the vigorous words of Isaiah:

"To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord; I am full of the burnt offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs or of he-goats.....Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me.....Your hands are full of blood. Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek justice, relieve the oppressed," etc.—*Is.* i. 11—17.

Jeremiah is still more bold, and seems to declare in the name of God that He never instituted the rites of sacrifice prescribed by Moses:

"For I spake not unto your fathers, nor commanded them in the day that I brought them out of Egypt, concerning burnt offerings and sacrifices; but this thing commanded I them saying, obey my voice, and I will be your God, and ye shall be my people; and walk ye in all the ways that I have commanded you, that it may be well unto you."—*Jer.* vii. 22, 23.

Hosea says about the same thing:

"For I desired mercy, and not sacrifice; and the knowledge of God more than burnt-offerings."—*Hos.* vi. 6.

This last passage seems to have been repeatedly quoted by Jesus to the ritualists of his day (see Matt. ix. 13 and xii. 7); and all his teachings and his life, according to the record, were in harmony with it. He *sacrificed himself* through his whole life, for the instruction, the healing, the spiritual quickening and illumination of those around him. And, those who professed to be his followers were exhorted in like manner to to "present their bodies as *living* sacrifices." The death of Jesus upon the cross was but in keeping with his life, and its fitting culmination; for he is said to have foreseen that such a death would be of greater use to others than his continued life in the body could be. For his disciples, "it was expedient" that he should withdraw from their external sight, in order that he might act more powerfully upon them internally; and he foresaw that the world at large would be aroused and attracted to him, and to the truths he taught, more forcibly, were he to die by the hand of unjust violence than in any other way. Such, at least, seems to be the intimation of his words, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."—So was it with Socrates, and so has it been with every other martyr for the truth in every age and nation. Hence Jesus willingly laid down his life as a sacrifice for the world. "So ought we to lay down our lives for the brethren," is the inference of one of his apostles.

In the light of these simple truths, is it not plain in what sense Jesus was an

ATONING SACRIFICE?

If atonement is, as has before been argued, simply agreement, reconciliation, or harmony, then Jesus, by devoting his whole life to the work of bringing his fellow men into a state of harmony with the Divine government, or of physical and spiritual health, gave himself an atoning sacrifice. And so does every man and woman, in his or her measure, who imitates his noble example.

Here, too is made plain the grand symbol of

THE CROSS,

which is so much mystified in the conceptions of many religionists. The cross is the emblem of self-denial—or denial of the lower self for the good of the higher self,—and of voluntary suffering for the good of others. This was beautifully exemplified in the Nazarene, and is the prominent characteristic of all his *true* followers. Can there be any progress, moral, mental or spiritual, any overcoming of evil with good, except on this principle? It is in the nature of things that we must deny the lower in order to attain the higher; and it is a law of our spirits that we have power to help others in proportion as we voluntarily suffer with and for them. The cross, then, is the symbol of an eternal and ever vital truth,—the central idea and crowning glory of real Christianity,—the emblem of all redemptive power,—the watchword of all progress,—the only hope of the world.

WHOM SHALL WE HEAR?

It has been well said by some one, that "we should accept of the truth, even if it comes from the bottomless pit." This is unobjectionable, so far as it relates to truth in the abstract. But when the sentiment is used, as it sometimes is, as an argument against the need of discrimination in regard to those who offer themselves as public teachers, it is sadly perverted. Truth is truth, from whosesoever lips it may be spoken, and is to be accepted for itself alone.

But it is understood by Spiritualists that only a small part of the effect a speaker produces comes from the bare truth he utters. It is the living magnetism which goes with his words, mainly, that acts upon the hearers. Every speaker imparts more or less of what is termed animal magnetism, or vital electricity, to his audience. Clear seers often perceive this as a luminous aura emanating from the head, and streaming from the finger's ends. He whose organism is a battery of sufficient power and compass to charge his whole auditory, can enchain and sway them at his will. And unless a speaker's utterances of truth are vitalized from his own life—made living by his own "flesh and blood"—they fall comparatively powerless upon others, however true they may be.

This being so, it follows that the magnetism imparted will have an effect upon the receptive hearer, corresponding with its quality. If pure, refined, truly spiritual, it will tend to elevate the hearer into the same state. If of a contrary quality—if the speaker is tainted with self-conceit, envy, jealousy, avarice, unregulated appetite, or any other impure quality—it may be expected that the germs of these evil affections, however good *the words* he may use, will be imparted in his magnetic emanations; and hence a crop of those same evil weeds may be looked for in every garden where he scatters his seed.

This consideration makes it of some importance, not only that we should "take heed how we hear," but *whom* we hear. And it should also suggest to those who are exercising the function, or aspiring to the position, of public instructors, that they seek to purify themselves for the work by "prayer and fasting"—that is, by earnest aspirations for truth and purity, with abstinence from all that is gross and evil in thought or desire.

A Spiritualist Sunday School.

Being at Millford, Mass., a few Sundays since, we had opportunity of paying a visit to the flourishing Sunday School, which has been for some time in operation in that place. The school is under the charge of E. M. MARSHALL, a young man of liberal mind, and earnest devotion to truth. Unfortunately, he was absent on the day of our visit, but his place was well supplied by his like-minded brother.

Upwards of fifty children, youth and adults had assembled in a very neat hall. The exercises were opened by the reading of an appropriate selection from the Bible and another from a Spiritualist paper. Opportunity was then given for any one who felt moved so to do, to give utterance to a vocal prayer. Rev. ADIN BALLOU, who was present, addressed a very suitable thanksgiving and invocation to the Father. A brief address was then made by the writer, after which the pupils were called upon for recitations. A large number, of various ages, from the lisping child of four or five years, to the full grown young lady, presented themselves to recite pieces which they had committed to memory. These consisted mainly of hymns and poetic selections of a spiritual cast, which were spoken very creditably. Two little sisters sung, in an affecting manner, the tender song—

"Little Bennie was our darling."

After these exercises, the school was arranged in classes, for attention to the lessons of the day. At this point we were obliged to leave, and hence cannot speak of the remaining exercises. We witnessed enough to show that a Spiritualist Sunday School may be made a very attractive and very useful thing, provided a few individuals enlist with earnestness and spirit in its management. We missed the music—the united singing of appropriate hymns and songs—which we think should occupy a large portion of the time on such occasions; since it not only greatly interests children, but serves also to bring them and all into a harmonious and impressible condition, in which susceptibility to all pure and angelic influences is greatly increased. We understand, however, that measures were about to be taken to supply this defect. We wish the effort abundant success.

Peace in Europe.

The European War, which has been an enigma and a series of surprises to the world in general since its commencement, has been brought to a sudden termination, most surprising and enigmatical of all. After the slaughter of a hundred thousand victims, and the destruction of untold wealth, the belligerent Emperors unexpectedly become amicable, meet in a little Italian village, shake hands, and proclaim the contest ended. None, or next to none, of the great objects for which the war was ostensibly undertaken, appear to have been accomplished, and everybody is trying to guess what it means—what move is to be made next. The down-trodden people of Italy, whose expectations of deliverance from papal tyranny and Austrian despotism had been raised high, are disappointed and dissatisfied. One writer aptly terms it, in Scriptural phrase, "a peace which passeth all understanding." How long such a "peace" can last, remains to be seen. When will these potentates learn that there can be no peace till freedom and justice shall be established?

"THE GREEKS," ONCE MORE.

We print, in another column, a communication on this subject, from one who, no doubt, will be regarded as "a true and tried abolitionist." We presume that those who have been inclined to suspect us of "doughfaceism," will be quite satisfied with the positiveness and pungency of his positions. And yet we are disposed to go even farther than he; and it seems strange to us that our first article on the subject should not have been so understood by all.

Our present correspondent sees, what we should suppose would be evident to every observing mind, that the stronghold of slavery in this country is quite as much, to say the least, in the North as in the South. It cannot be supposed that our merchants, manufacturers and capitalists, who hold securities in southern slave property, can have any scruples against taking advantage of the necessities of the needy around them, and using the power which craft and money give, to serve themselves in all possible ways by those unfortunate whites whom poverty, ignorance, and mental weakness make dependent upon them. And there are those who hold no southern property, who yet manifest the same *spirit* of oppression towards those in their power. Hence we hear of needle-women, in our northern cities, compelled to make shirts for six cents a piece, cloth caps for two cents, and other articles in proportion, with the alternatives of starvation or prostitution staring them in the face. We learn of domestics, and even of wives and children, treated like brutes, taken advantage of in every possible way, ground to the last point of endurance, etc., etc. And all know that the constant tendency of the present system of antagonistic interest and reckless competition is to enrich the few, and to bring all labor down to "starvation prices." In chattel slavery this system culminates into the "sum of all villanies," indeed; yet all other modes of oppression partake more or less of the same character.

We, then, as Spiritualists, looking at *principles* as well as at forms of manifestation, must go farther, and charge the guilt and responsibility of oppression upon *all*, North or South, *who willingly enrich themselves and live in luxury on the unpaid or inadequately paid toil of others.* Those who do this in one form at the North cannot, with any consistency or effect, denounce those who do the same in another form at the South. Let the North cleanse its hands, and then we may hope the South will clear its skirts. This is not overlooking the guilt of either party, nor forgetting the duty of sympathy with the victims of either. It is simply enforcing the need of consistency, of the unflinching application of *principle* in all directions.

The evil is a gigantic one, and is inwrought into the very texture of our whole social fabric. It shows itself in the grand curse of land monopoly, and in the evils of antagonism of interest between capital and labor, between employer and employed, which are organic in our present civilization. The guilt is shared by every one who does not conduct his business and all his relations on the principles of Brotherhood—regarding the interest of the humblest employee, nay, of every human brother and sister, white, red or black, equally with his own. There are doubtless many noble individual exceptions to the general rule, both North and South,—men and women who feel the spirit of Brotherhood, and endeavor to practise it, so far as the light they have and the unfavorable circumstances around them will admit.

Those only can make a consistent and effective stand against slavery, who practically come out from all participation in these popular forms of injustice and oppression, and employ their means and energies for the establishment of a more truly Christian and fraternal social system. Hence we said that when any community thoroughly realizes the grand evil of "grab in general," and roots it out, with all the oppressions and miseries which grow out of it, that community will have inflicted a most effectual blow upon the great national system of "grab," and have become a mighty center of moral power for the redemption of the nation and the world.

Of course, these remarks are intended to bear in the direction of a new and comprehensive social re-organization—one in which Christian Brotherhood shall be a practical reality.—However Utopian or far in the future such a thing may seem, yet every intelligent person, not altogether shrivelled in selfishness, feels its desirableness and hopes for its coming. It will come just so fast as individuals, and especially capitalists, are ready to renounce selfishness, and to devote themselves and means to such an end, with the same energy and skill that they now employ in seeking personal interest and selfish aggrandizement,—in other words, as they become really *spiritual*, in heart and in life.

Second Philanthropic Convention.

In another column will be found the call for a Convention at Buffalo, in perpetuation of the movement begun last year at Utica. Notwithstanding the dismal confusion of tongues among "Philanthropists" on that occasion—the crudities and sophistries that obtained an airing—and the remorseless slanders of the conservative press—we believe the agitation produced had a healthful tendency, and that more of the same is needed. In regard to the "Cause of Evil," perhaps little more can be profitably said; but the best means of its "Cure," at least in social relations, is yet a practical, living question.—We trust some progress may be made towards its solution.

Departure of Chas. Hammond.

CHAS. HAMMOND, of Rochester, N. Y., extensively known in connection with Spiritualism, being one of the earliest writing-mediums in the country, and the amanuensis of several books published in the rudimental stages of the movement, departed this life on Sunday, July 10th. Mr. H. is very highly spoken of by all who knew him. He was formerly and for many years a clergyman of the Universalist denomination, but gradually withdrew from the ministry, and occasionally lectured on Spiritualism. One of his former brethren says of him, in the *Ambassador*:

"Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the wisdom of his course in withdrawing from the ministry of Universalism, or in regard to the soundness of his late views, all who knew him unite in saying that he acted a spirit of deep sincerity, that he was an upright citizen, a good neighbor and a christian. His disease was consumption. He suffered considerably during the last hours, but he was patient, and assured us all that he had full faith in God and a better future. So far as I know, his views of Spiritualism remained unchanged to the last moment."

The Convention at Plymouth, Mass.

This Convention, which takes place the present week, promises to be one of interest and importance. No spot in the country could be chosen, around which cluster memories more interesting and inspiring to laborers for theological and social progress, than the landing place of the Pilgrims. We understand the committee intend to make such arrangements as shall secure orderly meetings and a creditable expression of the best Spiritualistic sentiment of New England.

THE INVESTIGATOR'S SKEPTICISM.

Our esteemed friend, the editor of the *Investigator*, has a candor and blunt frankness on all subjects that we like, and a skepticism on spiritual matters that we can appreciate and respect, while we cannot agree with it. From his last number, we cut the following article:

SPIRITUAL STORIES.

Some of the stories related by Spiritualists, appear to be as insane as anything heard within the walls of a lunatic asylum. Here, for instance, is a story by Judge Edmonds, who is writing a series of papers in the New York Tribune in exemplication of his Spiritual belief, experience, and perceptions. In a late communication, he says:—

"I have seen a chair run across a room backward and forward, with no mortal hand touching it. I have seen tables rise from the floor, and suspended in the air. I have seen them move when not touched. I have known a small bell fly around the room over our heads. I have known a table, at which I was sitting, turned upside down, then carried over my head, and put against the back of the sofa, and then replaced. I have seen a table lifted from the floor, when four able bodied men were exerting their strength to hold it down. I have heard, well vouched for, of a young man carried through the air, several feet from the floor, through a suite of parlors. I have seen small articles in the room fly through the air and fall at the place designed for them, and sometimes so rapidly that the motion was invisible, and all we could see was that the object had changed its location."

It is possible that Judge Edmonds may believe the truth of this absurd story—for men in certain conditions of mind have been known to believe any sort of vagary—but we do not believe his statement.—Why should we? When we have been among the insane, they have told us of similar marvels, but we did not credit them, for on their very face they were impossible. Yet they were no more so, than the above stories by Judge Edmonds; and it is much easier for us to believe that the Judge is laboring under a hallucination of mind, than that these violations of fixed natural laws ever really happened. We would not be thought unreasonably skeptical, even upon the subject of Spiritualism. But we presume that the laws of Nature are uniform, constant and unvarying. Therefore, when a man on the inside or outside of an insane asylum, tells us that he has seen occurrences which transcend natural laws, we set him down as deluded, nor do we make any exception in such cases between a common person and a Judge. Our argument is that of the celebrated Hume—and we view it as perfectly unanswerable—that it is more probable for men to be deceived or to falsify than for the laws of Nature to change.

So far as Spiritualism makes innovations upon the old sectarian theology, and promotes freedom of opinion and speech, it is doing a good work, and we have no fault to find with it; but the above stories of Judge Edmonds are as idle as any of the exploded miracles of the Old Testament, and of no more probability.

This is frank, and far more rational than the position of those religionists who profess to believe whatever is recorded by Old or New Testament writers, however improbable, and yet totally reject the testimony of modern witnesses, however numerous or veracious, to similar marvels.

But we wish to put the case in the right light with our skeptical friend. We will not ask him to believe in anything that is "impossible," or that is contrary to the laws of nature; nor will we even ask him to accept other people's testimony to a fact that is contrary to his own observation of these laws, unless he is satisfied that such testimony is worthy of credence.

We presume he will not lay claim to infallible knowledge of *all* Nature's laws; and doubt not his present opinion as to what is in accordance with them, and what is not, is based mainly upon the testimony of his own senses hitherto. He doubtless has read the story of the eastern monarch, living in the tropical regions where water never freezes, who threatened to behead a European traveler for affirming such an *impossibility* as that the rivers in northern Europe became so solid at a certain season of the year that an elephant might walk across them on the surface. The king of Siam was equally sure with Hume, "that it was more probable for men to be decieved or to falsify than for the laws of Nature" [as he had observed them] "to change."

But suppose the king of Siam were to witness the phenomenon of frozen water, with his own senses. Then his knowledge of Nature's laws would be enlarged, and what before he judged impossible, would seem quite probable. And suppose the editor of the *Investigator* should witness for himself—as *we* and thousands of others have done—the same or equivalent occurrences with those described by Judge Edmonds; and do this repeatedly, under circumstances which left him no question either of their reality or his own sanity. Then would he not be compelled to admit that there were laws or forces beyond those he had been accustomed to ascribe to Nature? Then would he not be disposed to acknowledge that the Judge and thousands of others have probably told the truth on this subject? Yea, even that the Old and New Testament writers, who testify to similar things, might have been honest historians after all?

We are not disposed to scold and anathematize our skeptical brother for not believing such "stories" till he has personal evidence; but on the other hand we would suggest that he should not be too confident in a denial of their *possibility*, nor in an imputation upon the sanity or honesty of thousands of his fellow-citizens, when a single hour's experience *may* yet show him that such denial and imputation were quite ill-founded. "Whatever *is*, is POSSIBLE."

The argument against spirit-manifestations, drawn from the uniformity of Nature's laws, falls entirely short of the mark. In fact, it tells rather in favor of such manifestations. For we know it is a law of that invisible *something* in the human organism, in which resides all its power, and which we call *spirit*, to move ponderable objects, so long as it is connected with the visible body. Why then should it not continue to possess that power, and to exercise it, through other instrumentalities, after the visible body has decayed? Who can prove that the spirit has dissolved also? These phenomona have proved to us and to thousands that it *still lives*.

The Pulpit and the Masses.

The N. Y. Christian *Intelligencer* thus confesses the impotency of the popular pulpit to reach those who are most needy of what the pulpit ought to give:

Upon luxurious couches, surrounded by gilding and carvery, on a pleasant Sunday, when not too hot or cold, too wet or dry, a gaily dressed multitude listen sleepily, first to soft music behind them and then to the musical voice before them; and when the hour-and-a-half is spent, the rustling silks move out to the sound of the organ, and the pulpit remains a cold, unmeaning piece of mummery. Outside, the multitude rush by unheeding and unheeded. There is no pulpit for them. Vice and misery, in ten thousand forms, are rioting, and stifling, and destroying; cruelty and oppression are rampant amidst our churches, and the groans of the victims mingle with the church bells. Does the pulpit reach the masses? That is something for us to answer as Christians. For if it does not the masses will reach and overturn the pulpit.

The Davenport Boys set free.

We have received a note from Mr. L. P. RAND, dated at Lysander, N. Y., stating that he and his fellow-prisoners had been set at liberty, "the prison doors being opened by the angels." He does not give the particulars, but refers to an account published in the Oswego papers, which we have not seen. He regards it as an event of great importance.

Aerial Navigation.

It is a curious and important fact, if it be a fact, that the great bulk of the earth's atmosphere, or that which is above a short distance from its surface, is flowing steadily from west to east, that is, in the same direction that the earth itself revolves but at a more rapid rate. The late balloon ascension of Messrs. Wise and La Mountain affords striking confirmation of this theory. The current is found to move at the rate of forty or fifty miles to the hour faster than the earth's motion, and is above the range of clouds, storms and variable winds. A writer in the *Tribune* says:

"Since the year 1835, Mr. Wise has made 230 ascensions and in 40 out of 41 times in which he reached the height of two miles, he has found this current, moving always in the same direction. In November, 1836, the celebrated aeronaut Green, sailed in his gigantic Vauxhall balloon across the sea from London to Weilburg, Germany, with the 'express design of settling the *long-agitated* question as to whether there were, at a great altitude *currents of air in one direction for several months together.*' He travelled the distance, 500 miles from west to east in 18 hours, and says, 'we had power enough, had we been so intentioned, to have continued our course throughout the whole circumference of the globe.' In September, 1849, M. Auban, a French aeronaut, sailed by night over the Alps, from Marseilles to Turin, west to east, distance 400 miles in eight hours. These facts, and especially the late voyage from St. Louis, render it highly probable that the same current exists in all parts of the north Temperate zone. It is not only a subject well worthy, in itself, of the attention and labors of scientific men, but to this current we must also look for the practical results of aerial navigation."

Boston and Vicinity.

The Indian Question.

That indefatigable friend of the Indians, Mr. JOHN BIGELOW, is laboring earnestly to awaken the public sentiment of our Puritan city on the subject of the wrongs of the children of the forest.

A meeting was held in the Old South Church on the 11th ult., at which a committee was appointed to prepare an address to the public.—That address has appeared in some of the newspapers. It recites at some length the atrocities to which the Indian tribes in our territories are subjected, and urges that the barbarities which they exhibit in return are but the natural results of such provocations. It concludes with a proposition for a national convention, as follows:

"The measures necessary to stop Indian wars are the same as are used to stop other evils. Agitation through the press, public discussions, but above all a National Convention. The evils are of long standing and are moreover of such importance as to demand the special consideration of the best minds as well as the most wise legislation of the nation. Nothing short of this can change and elevate the common sentiment so as to sustain the necessary measures. The object of the convention should therefore be to consider the propriety of designating a territory which shall be exclusively Indian, with such settlers only as will voluntarily co-operate with them in the development of their resources, and in sustaining such laws as will be best adopted for their improvement and protection. A convention for this purpose would probably be able to draw up a plan which would meet with the approbation of Congress as well as that of the people at large, and thus a foundation would be laid for lasting peace and mutual good will between the races, to be broken no more for ever."

It is designed to hold another public meeting, ere long, in which some of our prominent orators are expected to take part.

Pic Nic at Harmony Grove, Reading.

[Reported for the Spiritual Age.]

The Spiritualists of Lowell, Lawrence and immediate vicinities, together with quite a company from your goodly city, assembled in Harmony Grove, on Thursday, the 28th inst., for their annual Pic Nic. A pleasant day greeted a pleasant company, and everything passed off very pleasantly. It is the opinion, however, of your reporter that it is a mistake in devoting so much time to set speeches. In the beginning of the Spiritualistic movement, when everybody was intensely eager to hear all that could be said upon the great theme of endless life, people would sit quietly for three or four hours at a time, without thinking of fatigue. But such is not the case now. People have heard so much and so often, that they do not kindle into enthusiasm at the bare mention of the subject of Spiritualism, and unless a speaker has something peculiar in his manner or matter he will fail to interest his auditors. We were most forcibly impressed with these ideas at this Pic Nic; for, notwithstanding the array of tried and accustomed speakers, with two or three exceptions, there was no manifestation of enthusiasm. The audience seemed to endure rather than applaud. And not only this, but, as we conceive, a Pic Nic should be specially a season of social recreation and reunion. Conversation in social groups would add vastly more to our knowledge, as well as enjoyment, than does our more common mode of speech-making. But, so long as committees arrange for so many speeches, the people feel under a sort of obligation to listen to them.

But to our report. When we reached the grove, the worshippers of Terpsichore were paying their devotions in the usual manner, while the more spiritual part of the company were gathering to the speakers' stand. After singing a very dull Methodist hymn, J. C. Cluer was called upon to make the opening speech. And as he made the closing one in the afternoon, continuing his morning theme, we will report once for all. But we forget; we can't report Mr. Cluer. He must be heard to be appreciated. He is just the man for such occasions. After a pungent and somewhat strong statement that our present religious and social civilization denounced poverty instead of crime—punished misfortune instead of guilt—put the brand of shame upon the victim, while it crowned with its highest honors the victimizer, he alluded to the oft repeated allegation of the immorality of Spiritualists. This was met by an array of facts sufficient to cover with shame the slanderers.—Spiritualists, he affirmed, were not the keepers of a single grogshop, or a house of ill-fame in Boston. These were institutions which had grown up and flourished under the teachings of the Church. And, though the Spiritualists were most carefully watched, there had not been a conviction of a Spiritualist for crime during the last five years. (Can Boston boast of any other class of persons as numerous of whom such an affirmation can be made?—*Rep.*) He concluded in the afternoon, by saying that after 25 years of public life, an extensive travel, and acquaintance in Scotland, England, Wales, Ireland and many of the States of this Union, he has never found a class of people, on the whole, so kind, benevolent and virtuous as the Spiritualists. Mr. C. was greeted often with the hearty response of the audience.

Speeches were made during the day by E. V. Wilson, of Boston; Rev. J. Pierpont, Medford; Rev. M. Hassel, Haverhill; Prof. S. B. Brittan, N. Y., normal speakers; and by Mrs. Currier, Mr. Abbott, Mr. Greenleaf of Haverhill, and Mrs. Willis, Trance Speakers.

We noted many beautiful thoughts in the various addresses, which if we supposed your space sufficiently ample we would transcribe. But the gem of the occasion, we thought, was the address of the venerable Pierpont; and that consisted substantially in the statement of a fact. The Speaker said that after leaving home in the morning he called at the P. O. where he found a letter, which he had written a few days since, to Frances Osgood in the spirit-world, and sent to Mr. Mansfield. Enclosed, with his unopened letter, was an answer. This letter was passed through the audience and bore convincing testimony to the assertion that it had not been opened. It was then handed to a gentleman, who was desirous of opening it. But this was a work of considerable difficulty, so careful and thorough had been the manner of folding and sealing. No doubt could possibly exist of the inviolability of the letter. Mr. Pierpont then read the letter, which proved to be a most beautiful and witty poetic address to Mrs. Osgood. He then read the answer, which proved to be from Dr. W. E. Channing, acknowledging on the part of Mrs. Osgood, the lines addressed her, and further stating her inability at present to personally reply through that medium. He left the application—the argument upon the facts, to the audience, and we will do the same with our readers.

The whole affair passed off very quietly, and the friends repaired to their houses well satisfied, we should judge, with the exercises of the day.

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MRS. HATCH IN BOSTON.—This eloquent and interesting trance-speaker, we are happy to announce, is engaged to speak in the Music Hall, in this city, on the four Sundays in August. The lectures to be given at 10 A. M., and 4 P. M.

New York and Vicinity.

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 26th.

Question: How can the laws of Brotherhood be carried into practical effect?

Dr. ORTON: In undertaking to inaugurate the reign of brotherhood on the earth, our first duty, doubtless, is, to see that we have within ourselves a proper brotherly spirit; that our hearts are warmed with kindness, charity and good-will—and hence also our acts—in all our intercourse with mankind. But we must not stop with self reform. As members of one great family, we have duties lying outside of this.—The entailed monopolies and oppression of ages, under which society groans, are to be corrected; and to reform one's self, simply, will not do it. To accomplish this, we must rely on *agitation*, or as the New Testament has it, *on the foolishness of preaching;* for in this way it is ordained that men should be saved. We must *preach*, as we are now preaching in this hall. We muse talk, write, print, and in all proper ways strive to reach men's minds and hearts, and imbue them with the knowledge and love of justice and mercy.

In agitating for reforms, the movements looking toward the freedom of land, are, perhaps, most important. The absolute freedom of the soil can only be reached by slow and toilsome steps. It is not to be expected in our day. But there is a fair prospect of the passage of Grow's Bill for the freedom of the public land, at the next session of Congress. We can make our voices heard in its favor. We can also begin to familiarize the public mind with the idea that it is not just to the people, nor advantageous to the State, to allow one man to monopolize ten or twenty miles of land. We can agitate for a limitation of the number of acres of land, and the number of city houses, that one individual may own. We can show the people the necessity of guarding against overgrown estates, and the propriety of providing that the personal property of an individual shall be distributed at his demise, in small sums, instead of by the million or half million; by himself, if he chooses, but if not, by the State.

We can also agitate, preach, especially in cities like this, for a division of its territory into small districts, each one to be overlooked by a competent person, to see that there are no hidden cases of destitution; to help in providing all with suitable work, and generally to encourage, befriend and advise the needy and the disheartened. In connection with this, we may contemplate the time—and it need not be far in the future—when each one of these districts shall be provided with a free gymnasium, with facilities for all kinds of exhilarating exercise,—its dancing rooms and music, its bowling saloons, its lecture room and reading room. As monopolies cease to grind us, and kindness softens us, it will be possible to bring about a change in American habits of industry; to obviate the necessity of sixteen hours' labor out of the twenty-four, on the part of any one; to convince all of the necessity of relaxation; and to establish it as the habit of the land, to yield the evening to social recreation and enjoyment.

Our laws open a wide field for agitation and reform. Now, when a crime has been committed, or there is a difficulty between two, the object of the trial which follows, is not to ascertain where the wrong is, but to complicate and perplex the whole affair so that it cannot be understood. The proceeding is often a mere wrangle of preposterous allegations on the one side, and as preposterous denials on the other. The action has to be named, before its nature has been ascertained, and if technically wrong, the proceeding falls to the ground. This difficulty is inseparable from statute law. On the other hand, the object of a legal inquiry should be to spread out all the facts of a case, and right the wrong. Hence in the end, the scythe will have to be applied to our whole system of statutes; and every case, stripped of all technicalities, will have to stand alone, without reference to precedents, to be tried on its merits, and decided according to its equities. Our New Constitution provides for the establishment of Courts of Conciliation, for the settlement of differences without litigation. The provision met with little favor from the lawyers, and has never been carried into effect. But it was a wise and important measure, a move in the right direction; and in our efforts to establish the laws of brotherhood, it would be well worth our while to agitate for the carrying out of this oversloughed article of our Constitution.

Dr. GOULD: We go to Greece and Rome for our orders of architecture, and should not be ashamed to go to Judea for our system of morals. One of our first duties is to recognize a unity of interest. The French and Austrians exhibited something of this, in caring for each other's wounded. Kossuth may be considered the model man of the nineteenth century. On his first landing in England, by spirit influence, he was able to deliver an eloquent English speech. In his negotiations with Louis Napoleon, he had compelled the Emperor to accede to his terms. Louis Kossuth takes the man of Nazareth as his model. Does Kossuth act on the principle that the Emperor of Austria and the ruffian Haynau, in their oppressions of Hungary, have done the best they knew how; and are not to be blamed, but patted on the back as good fellows? No. His principle is, call on the Lord, and keep your powder dry.

Mr. BAKER: The world's history is made up of the experience of its parts. How often have men spent their time and money in large cities, in efforts to ameliorate the condition of society, and all in vain?—Suffering is the only real agent of reform. The downfall, the failure, of every humanitary effort, has only made the condition of society worse than it was before. Justice is the basic law of all things. Wisdom is its handmaid. Knowledge, which comes from experience, is the necessary attendant on its administration. Those who lack in experience, are not judges of the wants of mankind. Who are our reformers? Are they the bone and muscle of the country? No. They are the excrescences of society, who knowing nothing of the matter they take in hand, meet with failures at every step. How then are we to reach the proposed end? By the substitution of the divine love of justice in the human heart. He did not anticipate rapid changes from this course, but this was the way to go to work. Apply the remedy directly to the disease. No organizations will ever meet the case. We can only elevate society as we elevate ourselves.

Dr. YOUNG: There is little hope of such rapid reforms, as to benefit present society very perceptibly, but if the last speaker is right, there never will be anything much better than we have now. No social reforms that we may make, will interfere at all with individual reform. The way to judge this question is, to compare the past with the present. In former times, tyrants oppressed mankind by divine right. Now it is money. A few manage to absorb the money, and so command the service of the rest. We must establish the principle that one man's time is as good as another's, and worth as much; and that the elements which God gave the race, are common property. True, we must establish brotherhood in our own hearts, but while we are doing this, we must also agitate for reforms beneficial to the whole family of man, and so work for the common good as well as ourselves.

Dr. HALLOCK: The establishment of Dr. Young's principle, that one man's time is as good as another's, is important. Do we consider it in this light? No. We consider that the time of those we call sinners is unimportant. Hence the necessity of establishing principles. When a principle is once established, it incarnates itself and comes out in external action. Then come the new methods of carrying out the principle. The methods of the past have been shams, like the principles on which they have been based. In the discovery of the new principle the false method must go by the board. Jesus of Nazareth and Louis Kossuth cannot be harmonized. Take Jesus' life as the interpreter of his doctrines. It is not at the cannon's mouth, but in living and dying for one's principles, that their value is shown. This did Jesus. What says the good book? One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. What is it that does this? It is truth. Co-operate with others when they are doing what is right. This is his rule in society and politics. As Dr. Orton says, it is through the foolishness of preaching that reforms are to be effected. Men are to be convinced. Principles must be spread before them, and they be induced to consider them. New and beautiful systems cannot be established until the world is convinced of their importance. To accomplish this, nothing is left us but *to preach, preach!*

Mr. FOWLER: He could not agree with Dr. Orton that land reform is the basis of social improvement. Nor could he agree with Mr. Baker that we are to reform ourselves, and stop there. Those who are in the habit of grinding the face of the poor, should, of course, first attend to themselves; but those who have got by that point, are ready to give attention to the necessities of others.

Mr. Fowler submitted the following paper: "Before the laws of Brotherhood can be brought into practical operation, there must be a brotherhood; otherwise, how can its laws have jurisdiction, or become operative? We must live in a brotherhood before we can become wholly subject to its laws. It is folly, therefore, to attempt to carry the laws of brotherhood into practical operation, until the brotherhood is established with its laws. The real question, then, is, How can the Brotherhood with its laws be established?

"The Brotherhood implies a common parentage as a common source of both; a family membership to a common self-hood; a general dependence on a common wealth; and an individual stewardship in a common service. *Gratuity* is the law of birth; *adaptation* of membership; *mutuality*, of dependence; and *reciprocity*, of stewardship. We are regenerated by the intelligence of the so-called spirit-world, and reborn by the oppressions of present society, into the brotherhood. As gratuity is the law of this birth, we can be born into this brotherhood only as a free gift. Adaption being the law of membership, we can be united to the family only by the truths of adaptation. According to the law of dependence, we can be rightly sustained only by mutual support; and according to the law of stewardship, service must be performed by the reciprocation of uses.

"This brings us back to the question, How can the laws of brotherhood be carried into practical operation? By *obedience*, is my answer—obedience to the law of birth, to the law of membership, to the law of dependence, and to the law of stewardship. Obedience to the law of birth, implies the free gift of self for family uses. Obedience to the law of membership, implies fidelity to the truths of adaptation. Obedience to the law of dependence, implies the counterpoising of uses inasmuch that *each inclination* shall be sustained by other inclinations, to the sustaining of *all inclinations*. [Mr. F. illustrated: A rod, moved from its perpendicular, falls. If in its leaning it comes in contact with another rod, *leaning in the same direction*, it is but weakness added to weakness; but if on the other hand, it meets a rod leaning *toward* it, the two become elements of strength to each other, and both are sustained.] Obedience to the law of stewardship, implies the fulfilling of uses, to the overcoming of all evil with good, and the bringing of the immortality of life to light. The practice of law always implies obedience."

"NOTE.—It is said that the original meaning of the word *family* was *servants*. I accept this interpretation, which to be rendered more fully clear should be read *a community of servants.*"

The session was closed by interesting remarks from Mr. Partridge and Mrs. French.

J. R. O.

Correspondence.

The Greeks at Our Own Doors—Again.

EDITORS OF THE AGE:—It is easy to comprehend the scope and bearing of the scorching sarcasm of the cynic of Roanoke, when, on seeing some ladies in Virginia busy in making garments for the destitute Greeks, while their own half naked slaves flaunted their wretched rags before their eyes, he exclaimed, "Behold the Greeks at your own doors!" Equally easy is it, for the intelligent reformer and true philanthropist to perceive the *animus* of that numerous class of persons at the north, who, when they are invited to do what they can to redeem the southern slave, give as a reason for their refusal, that there are evils nearer home to be attended to. Just as though the root of nearly all the evils that afflict us here in the North, was not to be traced directly or indirectly, to the great southern abomination that overshadows the whole land. Just as though the spirit of oppression was not as rife in our midst, as it is in the Carolinas. Just as though the hundred and fifty thousand slave owners at the South, could hold four millions of slaves without the help of northern hands. Just as though the slave owners were all of them at the South. Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring, of New York, uttered these significant words, "If by one prayer I could literate every slave at the South, I should not dare to offer that prayer!" Why? Because the princely pew-holders, in his church hold large securities in southern slavery. What is true, in this matter, of New York and its opulent churches, is also true of all, or nearly all of the other cities, large towns and churches of the whole North.

We are connected with slavery, politically, religiously, commercially and socially; and the most efficient supporters of this "*sum* of all villanies" are to be found in that portion of our country mis-called free; so that emphatically, the Greeks, or rather the *oppressors* of the Greeks,—are at our own doors. And we need not go down South to preach against slaveholding, but should by all means remain at home, and labor to infuse humanity and righteous Christian principle into the Northern heart, sufficient to make it lift its hand from off h of the prostrate bondmen of the South.

Let us then cease to cant of minor evils to be removed, until we have made our determination manifest as the sun, to do all we can to wipe out this crime of crimes. Let us no longer wend our way up to Jerusalem to worship with the priest and Levite, the scribe and the Pharisees, to the neglect of our wounded brother who has fallen among thieves.

I trust there are few who have a more lively appreciation of the benignant mission of Spiritualism than myself; but God forbid that I should fall a victim to the fatal delusion that I can promote either its interests or my own, by remembering to forget them that are in the bonds of chattelhood, and held there by those who dwell on my right hand and on my left.

E. W. TWING.

SPRINGFIELD, July 24, 1859.

Letter from an Aged Clergyman.

ALBANY, Whiteside Co., Ill., July 1859.

EDITORS OF THE AGE:—Since my arrival at this place last March, various causes, such as bad travelling, abundance of farm-work, ill-health, etc., have kept me from forming a general acquaintance with the state of Spiritualism in this country; still I have found some things unusually encouraging—more so than in any other place within the circle of my acquaintance. Almost every person who sits with us becomes more or less influenced. There seems to be a sort of mental and physical receptivity pervading society. I have given some lectures; but private conversation, table-tipping, detecting and curing disease, have formed the largest amount of my work as a medium, and in which my success has been pretty good. Probably we have few fields riper for the harvest than this. The work goes on without much noise or excitement, but mediums are developed all around us.

This, of course, excites the fears of our good "orthodox" friends, till, like snails, they coil themselves in their shells and stick out their horns. But we have been too long acquainted with caged hyenas to be alarmed at their growling. Their church walls are no barrier in our way. The members who sit with us are as soon influenced as others.

We are quite Quakerish; we do not have even the formality of regular circles, but move as circumstances happen to suggest.

There have been some mediums near here, for years past; some of whom were and are highly respectable persons, and if mere report can be relied on, others were not as good as they ought to have been. This latter grade always forms the character of any and every class of people, in the estimation (or at least representation) of their opponents.

By the way, how important it is that Spiritualists live true and pure lives. I fear we do not make effort enough in that direction.—While we have among us men and woman of the highest attainments in morality and intellectuality, we undoubtedly have some whose poverty in these respects, renders them a disgrace to our cause,—just as such always are a disgrace to any cause. We cannot expect to be exempt from this difficulty altogether. No other class of people ever was. It was my fortune to become a member, or rather probationer for membership, in the N. E. Conference of the M. E. Church, in June 1822; at which time Methodism was new in many places, while in other places the wrecks of old churches and classes were strewn in fragments over the rocky hills of the Granite State, the barren shores of western Maine, and the green clad mountains of Vermont. (These being my principal fields of labor, I speak understandingly of them.) The complaint of a want of moral and intellectual worth, was often arrayed against us, and with good cause. All that was coarse, unlettered and vulgar, if not positively mean, was there, to such an extent that it was often beyond the control of such as sought for the needed improvement. We had one feeble academy in Newmarket, N. H., and some two years after we started our first periodical in Boston (*Zion's Herald.*)

Under these circumstances, we were compelled to bear all the contumely our opponents were disposed to heap upon us. This was done with an unsparing hand, and not altogether unjustly; still, while we remained a humble, receptive class of people, we surmounted all obstacles; our doctrines obtained credit, till in 1826, (if I remember rightly) the Congregational churches in and about Haverhill, N. H., passed a resolve, in effect, that the five cardinal points of Calvinism (stating them) *were true, but not profitable to be preached;* and Methodist doctrines were sounded from their pulpits as truths of God's word.

Methodism has reached its zenith; it ranks among the self-styled orthodox denominations of the day; and in her waning course, she joins with her former persecutors in their war against all radical reformers. Strange to tell, while the Methodists are still lacerated and bleeding from the effects of the javelins thrown at them through the ecclesiastical domination of older sects, they turn round and hurl the very same weapons at Spiritualists.

But I have lived through the war against them, and also against the Wesleyans; and it would be a pity if now, in my old age, while failing physical strength gives me a flattering prospect of soon rising higher in the scale of progressive being,—I say it would be a pity for me to quail at their pious but mistaken onslaught on modern Spiritualism. They have had their drawbacks; we have ours; and when the they attempt to run us down, they had better "remember the pit from whence they were digged;" I recollect it right well.

At an early period of my ministry, I saw the tendency of religious excitement to animalism, and that great care was necessary to avoid it. Not that religion properly considered, had that effect; but the truth is, if we excite an animal, it will act like an animal. And as we have all grades of human development, from amativeness to veneration, in calling out the public mind we shall often excite persons of low organisms and shall suffer apparent loss by their means. This is unavoidable; and such as censure us on that account must themselves be low; at least they fail to extend to us the charity which they themselves need.

If, as Spiritualists, we descend from the high plane to which we are kindly raised, we shall probably fall as much deeper into sensualism than ordinary Christians, as we have been raised above them. "If the light that is within us becomes darkness, how great is that darkness!" I do not wonder at the crooked paths of a ——— or a———.* Instead of stopping to blame them and others, who are on their plane, let us beware. We are a theorizing, philosophizing class of people.—This we certainly should be, but are we living as much like the pure above us as we might and ought to? I often long to pass to the purer spheres; but then, am I, or are we, now as pure as the present sphere admits of? If not, we still have room for improvement, and from every consideration, above, below, or around us, let us use our privileges as those who must give an account therefor.

Yours truly,
HERSCHELL FOSTER.

* [We omit these names, because we have reason to hope that one, at least, of the parties indicated has seen the error of his ways, and is earnestly endeavoring to amend.—ED.]

M. V. Bly on Spiritualism.

So. MILFORD, Mass., July 25th, 1859.

EDITORS OF THE SPIRITUAL AGE:—Last evening, Sunday July 24th, there was a lecture on Spiritualism advertised to be given in the So. Milford Chapel, by "one of the oldest mediums in the country;" being the veritable M. V. Bly, of "detective" notoriety. Accordingly, the conservatives assembled, although very few in numbers, to witness, as they undoubtedly thought, the extraction or utter annihilation of the last peg on which the poor deluded and befogged Spiritualist might hang the faintest hope. But, alas! how was it?

The lecturer proceeded to give his belief and adhesion to the Spiritual Philosophy, denouncing old and false theology, showing the folly of a too strong reliance upon by-gones, and recommending a true and upright life as the only consistent course for us mortals to pursue; and stated, as a result of investigation, it would rob death of its terrors, and give us knowledge of immortality. To *me*, it was as good an exposition of *true* Spiritualism as I often listen to.

He was evidently under strong spiritual control during the entire lecture. May God and all good spirits speed him on, so long as he is in the *Truth*.

Yours for truth, SAMUEL W. GILBERT.

First Anniversary of the Philanthropic Convention.

At the Fifth Session of the Philanthropic Convention which was held at Utica, N. Y., in September, 1855, Mr. GILES B. STEBBINS, of Rochester, offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That this Convention become AN ANNIVERSARY, of all who seek wisdom to overcome "evil with good," and that the time, place, and arrangements for the next meeting be left to a Committee consisting of IRA S. HITCHCOCK, of Oneida, Dr. ROBERT HALLOCK and ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, of New York, and AMOS ROGERS, of Utica.

In accordance with the above Resolution, the Committee have completed arrangements for the first anniversary, of the Philanthropic Convention, to be held in St. James Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., on the 16th, 17th and 18th of September, 1859.

"Let no one call God his Father,
Who calls not man his Brother."

The chief object of those who call this Convention, is to offer an opportunity to the Progressive Friends of Humanity, for the deliberate examination and solution of the greatest of problems—"What is Evil?"—We believe that a true knowledge of the *causes*, will lead to a true knowledge of the *cure*, of EVIL in its several forms. Right doing presupposes right being. No man, we think, can wisely and unerringly govern himself, or teach the young, unless his mind be elevated and inspired with a just knowledge of human nature. Theological dogmas and religious creeds cannot impart such knowledge. Heads of Families, Teachers, Legislators, Governors of States, Presidents, Popes, Princes, and kings—all, act upon and crucify mankind with arbitrary Laws, Creeds, and Institutions. Consequently, the world is indisputably maltreated and everywhere diseased. It is teeming with Discontent, Strife, Selfishness, Intemperance, Slavery, and War;—with evils physical, social, political, and religious. And the authentic history of Humanity is the history of legalized injustice and ecclesiastical oppression.

In the view of all this, and much more, we ask the Friends of Progress—What can we do to overcome evil with good? What can we do more than is being done to free mankind from the fetters of Superstition, the tyranny of Churchcraft, and the bondage of Statecraft, in their diversified forms? What can we further do to secure to ourselves and children the advantages of a truly Spiritual life on earth, without infringing, in the smallest degree, upon the sacred prerogatives of individual freedom of opinion and action? Lastly, what can we do in the direction of associated and co-operative efforts, to hasten The Era of Justice and Liberty.

Come! Brothers and Sisters, Fathers and Mothers, come: Let us have three days of deliberate consultation, in the spirit of love and good will, to aid one another in the search for practical TRUTH. We hold that the day for Free Conventions has dawned. The inward fires of Truth and Reason will flame forth from the summit of these volcanic mountains. They agitate and purify public Opinion. A Free convention is the mouth-piece of Human Liberty; the platform whence issue the mandates of unlimited Progress. Spiritualists, Materialists, Jews, Christians, Reformers—all, East West, North South—will hereby consider themselves heartily invited. The platform of the Philanthropic Convention, at Buffalo, will be free to any mind capable of throwing light upon the Cause and Cure of Evil.

The Convention will open in St. James Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., on Friday the 16th of September, 1859. At 10 o'clock, A. M., and continue three days. The following persons, residents of Buffalo, constitute the Committee of Arrangements:

JOHN N. GARDNER,	THOMAS RATHBUN,	GILES HUSTED,
CYRUS O. POOL,	SARAH RATHBUN,	LESTER BROOKS,
GEORGE WHITCOMB,	E. A. MAYNARD,	W. G. OLIVER,
LOUISE WHITCOMB,	MARY F. DAVIS,	E G. SCOTT,
ALANSON WEBSTER,	J. H. LUSK,	BENONI S. BROWN.

Any member of this Committee can be addressed by those wishing to secure accommodations in advance, at Hotels and Private Boarding Houses. The Hall procured for this occasion is convenient and commodious, seating comfortably 2000 persons. The friends of Reform in Buffalo and vicinity, will do all in their power to entertain strangers, and to aid the objects of the Convention; and the locality of their beautiful city is so central, that Reformers from all quarters can reach it readily, and at small expense.

☞ The Committee have made favorable terms with Ward's Line of Steamers, as follows: From Toledo to Buffalo and return, $4,00; from Sandusky and return, $3,50; from Cleveland and return, $2,00, (Meals and Berths included.) A corresponding reduction of fare, for persons attending the Convention, will probably be effected on the New York & Erie Rail Road.

N. B.—A Quartette Club of Singers is engaged to be present, and will enliven each session with appropriate music.

Convention at Adrian, Mich.

The Spiritualists of Adrian, Mich., will hold a Convention on the 2d, 3d and 4th days of September, 1859. All those friendly to the cause are cordially invited to attend.

Spiritual and Psychical Phenomena.

Facts from a Clergyman.

A few mornings since, while sailing down Seneca Lake on board a steamer, we overheard an interesting conversation between two gentlemen, one of whom proved to be Rev. Samuel Dexter, a Christian minister of Paris, New York. On our entering into conversation with Mr. Dexter, we found him exceedingly liberal, intelligent and progressive in his views; and though not regarded as a Spiritualist in any technical sense, he freely declared himself a firm believer in the fundamental fact of Spiritualism; and he held the doctrine of angel guardianship as one of the most beautiful and attractive features of true Christianity. He related to us some striking experiences. Many years ago he was engaged as an overseer in Auburn State Prison. One day while busily engaged, in a sitting posture, in one of the work rooms, he heard a sudden voice over head, calling on him to arise immediately and leave the place where he was sitting. The voice came audible and earnest, the second time. He arose, left the spot, and on looking up, at that moment a large iron shaft became loosened and fell with a tremendous crash on the spot he had just left. Had he remained one quarter of a minute longer, instant death would have been inevitable.

A few years since, Mr. Dexter and his son were in California, while his wife was left at home in Paris. Mr. D. received intelligence that his wife was ill, but she was not regarded dangerously diseased. One day he heard an audible voice calling out, "Samuel, Samuel!" He listened and gave earnest heed, when the voice said, "I am Caroline, your wife!" So positive was he of the presence of his companion, he had no doubt of her decease, and he had a long conversation with her. He communicated the fact of her death to his son and others, and the next mail brought intelligence confirming the message h s spirit wife had already delivered. These facts are in entire harmony with thousands of phenomena now being demonstrated.—*Clarion.*

Scene at a Dedication.

The spirits sometimes seem utterly regardless of church forms and the assumed dignities of clerical assailants. We have in mind a serioludicrous illustration which was given at the recent dedication of the Free Church in Granville, N. Y. Among those who participated in the services, was the Rev. Wm. S. Balch, now of Ludlow, Vt., a prominent Universalist minister of the regular denominational type, for many years the popular pastor of the Bleecker St. church, New York, and at present one of the corresponding editors of the *Christian Ambassador* of this city. Br. Balch preached a sermon in which he endeavored to take broad, liberal ground against all mere ism. He at last began to launch out against Spiritualism. He believed that the dead still lived and loved; he had a mother and other friends in the invisible world, but he entertained no idea of their coming back and manifesting themselves after the Spiritualist fashion. It was folly to suppose his mother would or could come around performing, as it was alleged spirits sometimes did perform through modern mediums. Just at this moment, Mr. Carpenter, a well-known medium, was observed by the audience as coming under some powerful influence. Suddenly controlled beyond all power of resistance, he sprang from his seat and bounded into the pulpit by the side of the astonished divine, and was made to personify the spirit-mother of Mr. Balch.

"I am your mother! I *can* come! I *have* come!" and using other expressions, in the most earnest and emphatic manner, the spirit went on to lecture her clerical son in a style exceedingly refreshing. It was with no little difficulty and embarrassment that Br. Balch at last succeeded in "laying the spirit," after which he continued his discourse with no more allusions to Spiritualism. Mr. Balch pretended that at the time he did not know his spirit-mother claimed to speak through the medium. Mr. Carpenter is a very modest man, well-known for his candor and sincerity, and he felt extremely embarrassed on being influenced in that public manner. Our clerical opponents may hereafter learn the propriety of becoming a little more cautious about assailing these invisibles who have the power thus to light down on them even in their pulpits, and silence them before their own audiences.—*Ibid.*

Doors Opened by Spirit Power.

Dr. Redman relates the following in his "Mystic Hours":

During my visit to Worcester, I attended a circle, in the family of a Spiritualist, whose residence was in a different direction of the town from that at which I was stopping. On leaving, I informed the hostess, that I expected be back about nine or ten o'clock. The circle, however, being of unusual interest, and the manifestations of a startling character, I was (forgetting the promised hour of my return) induced to prolong the seance far beyond what I had anticipated. On leaving the party, I sauntered toward my resting place, (the distance of about a mile); reaching the door, a strange feeling came over me,—I felt dizzy and seemed to be pushed forward. I could not account for this singular sensation, but arousing to my usual consciousness of surrounding objects, I found myself in the *hall*, in the act of taking off my overshoes. I was aware of being in the hall (which was perfectly dark) but a few moments, when I heard a voice, asking, "Who's there? who's there?" and at the same time, a head, accompanied by a lighted candle, appeared over the balusters. "Why, Redman, is that you?" said the voice, which I immediately recognized to be that of the lady of the mansion. "How did you get in?" "At the door, I suppose," was my reply. "But," said the lady, "my son locked the door before retiring, as we thought you were not coming, it was so late." I related the singular feeling I had experienced. No doubt this was a temporary trance, during which the spirits had let me into the house. Here was a direct spirit manifestation, as was that which opened the doors for the egress of Peter. A strict inquiry was instituted the next day, which ended in all being convinced, that the door had positively been unlocked by the invisibles for my accommodation.

Various Items.

.... A few days ago a farmer in Cummington, N. H., went after his cows; one of them persisted in going the wrong way; after trying to bring her to his mind, he gave her up and let her have her own way, and followed. She led him to a remote part of the pasture, where he found another cow, cast. Releasing the captive cow, the refractory one willingly returned to the yard.

.... P. B. Randolph writes us, wondering how in the name of humanity and common sense the rumor has gone abroad representing him as having renounced Spiritualism. He is firm in the faith and fact, and has remarkable manifestations in his family. He suspends lecturing during the summer, and is on a farm.—*Clarion.*

.... About ten days ago two gentlemen were thrown down by lightning in the street in this city. During the thunder shower yesterday, the hand and leg of one of them, as each flash of lightning occurred, experienced shocks almost similar to that he received when thrown down at the time above alluded to, each accompanied by a slight feeling of pain. This exhibits a singular sympathy.—*Norwich Cour.*

.... A resident of Baltimore has recently been fined for engaging in worldly employment on the Sabbath day. The law under which he was fined is an "act to punish blasphemers and Sabbath breakers," and among other things, a penalty of boring through the tongue and being branded on the forehead for denying the Holy Trinity, and for a repetition of the offence shall suffer death. For violation of the Sabbath, a fine of two hundred pounds of tobacco.

.... A young Frenchman, who has often visited the American Missionaries on the Gaboon river in Africa, informed them of a recent excursion of his up the river Nazareth, east of Cape Lopez. He penetrated three hundred and fifty miles into the country and describes it as beautiful, the population dense, industrious and ingenious. He crossed prairies sixty miles long, covered with verdure, abounding with wild cattle and other animals. The people raise large quantities of tobacco and also cotton of a fine quality, which they manufacture into cloth.

.... If the following anecdote from a correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial be true, we need not wonder at the persecutions which the Methodists have recently suffered at the hand of the Texans:

While on the church matters, I will give you a Texan's opinion of a Methodist. It was new to me. "Do you know, my friend," addressing me, "why it is that the Methodists holler so loud when they pray?" I, of course expressed my astonishment and anxiety to possess such valuable information. "Well," said he, "I will tell you. It is because they are farther from God than any other denomination of Christians." Might you not be mistaken, said I. "No, sir," was his quick reply, "I know them well, for I was born in a camp meeting." I had nothing more to say; the man was in earnest

THE SPIRITUAL AGE

BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, AUGUST 6, 1859.

LETTERS RECEIVED:—J F Merriam, B Jones, A P Andrews, F Josselyn, A H Sherman 2, J M L, M E Lawrence, H Foster, D C Newman, G Crowell, H A Johnson, L Bache, C Wilburn, J G Russell, J M Peebles, C C Birge. W Ainsworth, O A Seamans, F L Wadsworth, H Snow, L P Rand, A C Stebbins, C K Thompson, A Senen, M F Varney.

SPECIAL AND PERSONAL.

Answer to Correspondents:

We can furnish Miss Hardinge's Story, "The Improvisatore," complete in eight numbers of the AGE. The price, including postage, is 33 cents.

Spiritualists Convention at Plymouth, Mass.

A Spiritualists' Convention will be holden in Plymouth, Mass., on the 5th, 6th and 7th days of August, 1859. All persons of progressive minds are earnestly requested to be present.

The Committee of arrangements are now arranging matters so far as possible, for the accommodation of all. A committee will be at the depot at the arrival of each train of cars, to inform the friends where they can be boarded at the lowest possible price; arrangements have been made with some of the keepers of public houses, at moderate rates.

If the weather should prove favorable, the Convention will be holden at the Grove at Little Pond, on Saturday, the 6th. The 5th and 7th, it will hold its meetings in Davis Hall, on Main street,

Arrangements have been made with the Old Colony Railroad Company, so that persons can come and go at half the usual price, on Friday, Saturday and Monday.

Persons wishing to confer with the Committee, are requested to direct their letters to FREDERICK W. ROBBINS, Plymouth, Mass.

Dr. H. F. GARDNER has accepted an invitation to preside over the Convention.

Committee of Arrangements—Frederick W. Robbins, Geo. Simmons, Southworth Barnes, Putnam Kimball, Benjamin H. Crandon.

J. S. LOVELAND will lecture at Taunton July 31; at Willimantic, Ct., Aug. 21 and 28, and Sept. 18 and 25. Address at 14 Bromfield street, Boston, care of Bela Marsh

MRS. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON will lecture in Norwich, Conn., July 24th; in Chicopee, Mass, July 31st; and will spend the month of August in Northampton, Mass.; —will lecture in Portland, Me., the four Sundays of September; in Lowell, Mass., the five Sundays of October; and the four Sundays of November in Providence, R. I. She will receive calls to lecture on week evenings in places in the vicinity of where she lectures Sundays. Address until September 1st, Willard Barnes Felton, Northampton, Mass.

L. K. COONLEY, for the purpose of recruiting himself from the exhaustion occasioned by long exercise of the gift of healing, proposes to re-enter the lecturing field. His address till the latter part of July will be La Prairie Centre, Peoria Co., Ill. He hopes to be at the Plymouth (Mass.) convention in August, and will receive applications for his services on the route from Illinois to Mass. He is accompanied by Mrs. Cooley, whose abilities for medical examinations and prescriptions are excellent. His route to the East will probably be from Chicago, along the Lake Shore, N. Y. Central R. R., etc, varied of course as demand requires. He will receive subscriptions for the AGE and *Banner of Light.*

H. P. FAIRFIELD will speak in Chicopee, Mass., Sunday, July 24th; Quincy, Sunday, July 31st; Great Works, Me., Sunday, August 7th; in Lowell, Mass., Sunday, Augst 21st; Dover, Vt., Sunday, August, 28th; Milford, N. H.. Sunday, Sept 4th; Sutton, N. H., Sunday, September 11th; Lempster, Sept., Sunday 18th. Friends in ort hicinity of the above named places, wishing to engage his services for week evenings, will address him at those places and dates.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will conclude her summer engagements at Oswego, Buffalo, Oswego, Schenectady, &c. In September, she starts for the West, North and South, speaking in October in St. Louis, in November in Memphis, Tenn., in December in New Orleans, and returning to Philadelphia in March, 1860. Address till September at 8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BENJAMIN DANFORTH will answer calls to preach on Ancient and Modern Spiritualism synonymous with the Gospel of Christ as he understands it. Address at Boston.

F. L. WADSWORTH speaks at Willimantic, Conn., July 10th and 17th; Northampton, Mass., July 24th; Springfield, Mass., July 31st and Aug. 7th; Syracuse, N. Y., Aug. 28th; Oswego, Sept. 4th, 11th, 18th, 25th. All persons desiring his services on week evenings, can address him at the above named places, at the times designated.

LORING MOODY will lecture at W. Newbury, Sunday Aug. 14; So. Amesbury, Monday and Tuesday 15 and 16; Amesbury Mills, Wednesday and Thursday 17 and 18; Newburyport, Sunday 21. He will act as agent for the AGE and BANNER; and also answer calls to lecture. Address, Malden, Mass.

MRS. J. W. CURRIER will speak as follows:—East Stoughton, July 24th; Foxboro August 1st; Waterbury, Conn., 7th and 14th; Chicopee, Mass., 21st and 28th. Address Lowell, Box 815.

A. B. WHITING may be addressed at Lyons, Mich., till Aug. 15th.

MISS A. W. SPRAGUE, through July and August, will speak at Oswego, N. Y.—Through the month of December, she will be in St. Louis.

Miss R. T. AMEDEY, 32 Allen street, Boston, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath and at any other time the friends may desire. Address her at 32 Allen street, Boston. ☞ She will also attend funerals.

H. L. BOWKER, Natick, Mass, will give lectures on Spiritualism and its proofs, from intuition, for such compensation above expenses as generosity may prompt.

G. B. STEBBINS speaks on Sundays through the year at Ann Arbor, Mich.; and will answer calls to lecture in that vicinity in the week.

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture through the month of June at St. Louis; and at Cincinnati through July; thence east. Any calls for week evenings can be addressed to him there; calls east of Cincinnati should be addressed him at St. Louis to give time for the appointments.

MRS. M. MACOMBER, trance-speaker, will receive calls to lecture. Address at Olneyville, R. I. 17—3m*

A. C. ROBINSON, trance-speaker, will receive calls to lecture. Address at Fall River, Mass.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT will receive calls to speak on Spiritualism. Address, West Medford, Mass.

NOTICE.—Persons visiting Boston for a few days or longer, and preferring a private house to a public hotel, can find good accommodations at No. 5 Hayward Place, the most central and desirable part of the city.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

MUSIC HALL.—MRS. CORA HATCH will lecture in the Music Hall every Sunday during August, at 10 1-2 A M and 4 P.M.

MEETINGS AT No 14 BROMFIELD ST.—A Spiritualist meeting is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock, and afternoon at 3. Conference in the evening at 8.

A Conference Meeting is held every Monday evening at 7 3-4 o'clock.

THE BROTHERHOOD hold weekly meetings at 14 Bromfield street, on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock. Persons sympathising with this movement, or desirous of obtaining information respecting it, are invited to attend.

MEDIUMS IN BOSTON.

J. V. MANSFIELD, Medium for answering Sealed Letters, No. 3 Winter st., Boston (over G. Turnbull & Co.'s dry goods store). TERMS—Mr. M. charges a fee of $1 and four postage stamps for his efforts to obtain an answer. For $3 he will guarantee an answer, or return both letter and money in *thirty days from its reception.*—Visitors received on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. 18

Mrs. MARY A. RICKER, Trance Medium, Rooms, 145 Hanover St., Boston. Office hours from 9 A M to 6 P M. Private sittings 50 cts per hour. Residence, Parker St., (Caryville) Chelsea. 17—3m*

Mrs. BEAN, Writing and Test Medium. Circles on Tuesday and Friday evenings, for development and manifestations. No. 30 Eliot street.

Miss WATERMAN, Trance, Test and Writing Medium, has removed to No. 17 Dover street. Hours, 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Terms 50 cents per sitting.

Mrs. R. H. BURT, Writing and Trance Medium, No. 2 Columbia street (from Bedford street). Hours from 10 to 1, and from 2 to 7. 2—3m

Mrs. LIZZIE KNIGHT, Writing Medium, 15 Montgomery place, up one flight of stairs, door No. 4. Hours 9 to 1 and 2 to 5: Terms 50 cents a seance.

Mrs. SMITH, No. 43 Eliot street, a successful Healing Medium; also, Writing, Developing and Test Medium and Spirit-Seer. Circles, Sunday, and Friday evenings.

Mrs. G. L. BEAN will give her attention to clairvoyant medical examinations. Rooms 30 Eliot street. 21—tf.

DR. J. ESTES,

ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN AND HEALING MEDIUM, No. 7 Eliot Street, Boston.

NEW AND USEFUL BOOKS.

MESSRS FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York, have recently published

Hints Towards Physical Perfection, Illustrated, $1.

New Rural Hand-Books, embracing The House, The Garden, The Farm, and Domestic Animals—in one illustrated volume. $1 50.

Hand-Books for Home Improvement—How to

Interesting Miscellany.

For the Spiritual Age.

VOICES FROM GLEN ELLEN.

WHISPER OF A SEA-SHELL.

"Did any one ever explain to you the soft, musical murmur I always give forth? I catch in my retired folds and return back audibly to your ears, the faintest whisper that may reach me from any possible direction, and the echoes that never would be heard in the tumults of life, but for being in this way silently gathered up in the deep recesses of my quiet seclusion. When thus carefully listened to, who shall presume to say, I have not the power to render audible both the music of the spheres, and those other deep voices, that are breathing forth *hushed utterances* from every object in nature?

"So the ancient prophets retired into the profound solitudes of the forest, and *listened*, till they heard not only angel whispers, but the faintly murmuring *voice of God himself*, welling up, like the long lost music of creation's morn, from the interior folds of their own spirits.

"Shall these silently breathed lessons be no longer heard on earth, amidst the whirlwind roar of the world's great strife?

"Oh man! your own soul is like a beautiful sea-shell. Retire into the wilderness and listen to the Heavenly music, which he who made it, can yet, and ever, cause to vibrate from its hidden folds.

"If you will *hear* and *keep step* to *that music*, it will enable you to walk bravely, like a nautilus, on the troubled waters of life, safely buoyant over all the delaying abysses of evil, ever toward the infinitely distant, yet ever brightening and increasing star, of the soul's exalted and glorious destiny." C. H. H.

New Brighton, Pa.

LYMAN BEECHER'S COURTSHIP.

An eminent divine, who is as well known as he is universally respected, many years since was led to the conclusion that "it is not well for man to be alone." After considerable pondering, he resolved to offer himself in marriage to a certain member of his flock. No sooner was the plan formed than it was put in practice, and getting out his cane, he speedily reached the dwelling of his mistress.

It chanced to be a Monday morning, a day which many New England readers need not be told is better known in the house as "washing day."

Unconscious of the honor that was intended her, the lady was standing behind the tub in the back kitchen, with her arms immersed in the suds, busily engaged in an occupation, which, to say the least of it, is more useful than romantic.

There was a loud knock at the door. "Jane go to the door and if it's anybody to see me, tell them that I am engaged and cannot see them." The message was faithfully rehearsed.

"Tell your mistress that it is very important that I should see her."

"Tell him to call this afternoon," said the lady, "and I will see him." But it was unavailing.

"I must see her now," said the minister. "Tell me where she is."

So saying, he followed the servant into the kitchen, to the great surprise of her mistress.

"Miss ——, I have come to the conclusion to marry.—Will you have me?" was the minister's opening speech.

"Have you?" said the astonished lady. "This is a singular time to offer yourself. Such an important step should be made a matter of prayer and deliberation."

"Let us pray," was Mr. Beecher's only response, as he knelt down beside the tub and prayed that a union might be formed which would enhance the happiness of both parties.—His prayer was answered; and from this union, thus singularly formed, has sprung a family remarkable for talent and piety.

Pulpit Wit.

In Pennsylvania there is a clergyman almost as remarkable for eloquence and eccentricity as Lorenzo Dow himself. On charity occasions his pathos, wit, and sometimes bitter satire, are sure to win more bank notes and gold coin to the State than the decorous eloquence of half a dozen other men. On a late occasion he was preaching a temperance sermon, which produced unusual effect on the audience. Among other things, he asserted, as a result of his own observation, that a confessedly "moderate drinker" was sure to become a confirmed inebriate within five years after he reached that stage of indulgence.

He was interrupted here by a man in the audience, who started up in great excitement, proclaimed himself a moderate drinker of ten years standing, and one on whom the habit made no progress.

"The clergyman stopped short, leaned over the pulpit, and when the man had ceased speaking, called out:

"I say, friend, stand up here and let me have a look at you."

The man made an effort to brave the host of eyes turned upon him, and stood his ground.

"Nearer, man!", cried the minister, beckoning with his long finger. "Hold a light to this brother's face some of you. Step up on the bench and give us a good look."

The moderate drinker was not to be looked down or talked down, and not only mounted the bench but allowed a lamp to be held close to his face.

The minister bent over his cushion, and gave the face a long survey.

"That will do," said he, drawing back, "that will do, my friend, and now I say if I owed the devil a debt of a hundred drunkards, and had paid him ninety-nine, and he wouldn't take you in full payment at the end of five years, I would never pay him!

Of what is Salt a Symbol?

Of fidelity; a man who has partaken of salt with you is bound to you by the laws of hospitality; and thus bread and salt are eaten at the ratification of a bargain or treaty, to make it binding on all parties. Salt is also an emblem of desolation; conquered cities were sown with salt. In Scotland and Ireland salt appears to have been considered to represent the incorruptible spirit; and was therefore laid above the heart of a corpse; and in some cases a platter was so placed containing a small portion of salt and earth unmixed, the one to represent the immortal, the other the mortal part. In former days, when it was the custom for all the household of a nobleman or gentleman to dine together, the large salt cellar which was placed in the middle of the table was the boundary of distinction between the family and the menials.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

The angel of slumber and the angel of death, fraternally locked in each others arms, were wandering over the earth.

It was evening. They reclined upon a hill side, and the habitations of men were not far off. A sad stillness pervaded the air, and the evening bell was hushed. Still and silent was their manner, the two beneficent Genii of mankind reposed in a mournful embrace, and night came rapidly on.

Then the angel of slumber arose from his mossy couch, and softly scattered from his hand the invisible grains of sleep.—The wind of night wafted them to the quiet dwellings of the wearied husbandmen, and forthwith descended upon the inhabitants of the cottages—from the gray-haired sire to the cradled infant. The sick man forgot his pains, the unhappy man his sorrows, the poor man his cares—every eye was closed.

And now, his benign labors being ended, the kind angel of slumber again lay down by the side of his thoughtful brother, and said cheerfully—"When the red morning awakes, then will mankind bless me as their friend and benefactor. Oh! how sweet it is to do good unseen and in secret! How delightful is my daily task!"

Thus spake the friendly angel of slumber. The angel of death looked upon him with a silent sorrow, and a tear, such as immortals shed, gathered in his large, dark eyes.

"Alas," said he, "that I cannot like thyself rejoice in their gratitude. The earth calls me her enemy and the disturber of her peace."

"My brother," replied the angel of slumber, "will not the good, when they awaken, own thee as their friend and benefactor, and will they not bless thee? Are we we not brothers, and messengers of our Father?"

Thus they spake. The eye of the death angel sparkled, and he clasped his brother, more fondly in his embrace.

The Art of Medicine in Japan.

The *Voix de la Verite* gives some account of the state of Medicine in Japan. Their physicians have no system of medicine, and are guided only by their experience; still they are as proud and dogmatic as anywhere else in the world. Many use shells and exorcisms, and most of them become rich.—Many plants are held in great medicinal esteem, and some roots, chief among these the ginseng, are brought to Japan by the Chinese and Dutch. Among the medicines which are prescribed, the acids and salts predominate. When they are well, the Japanese drink water only when it is hot; when they are sick, they are ordered to drink as much cold water as they like and they drink a great deal.

A common and one of the most terrible diseases in Japan is the *Senki*, a kind of colic, which is usually treated with blood letting in the lower part of the body by means of a needle. Great stress is laid upon the making of these needles. They must be of gold or silver, without alloy, and must have a high polish and a very fine point. Nobody is allowed to make them without a patent from the Emperor. This manner of bloodletting is used, by those who can afford it, in cholera. The poorer classes use a bitter powder, a principle ingredient of which is the costus, a plant brought by the Dutch from Surat. The discoverer of this powder became so rich by its sale that his heirs have built three temples in Yeddo, to express their gratitude for it. Opposite these temples are three shops, where they prepare and sell the powder. Yeddo has lately lost 150,000 people by cholera.

Character Developed by Contact with the World.

St. Francis de Sales has been able, in his knowledge of the cloistered men and cloistered life, to see how necessary it is for the soul to be aired in the outward exposures of the world; and if we do not stop to question the facts of his illustrations, no one has spoken of this necessity with greater force and beauty of conception. "Many persons believe, he says, "that, as no beast dares taste the seed of the herb Palma Christi, so no man ought to aspire to the palm of Christian piety as long as he lives in the bustle of temporal affairs. Now, to such I shall prove that, as the mother-of-pearl fish lives in the sea without receiving a drop of salt water; and as, toward the Chelidonian Islands, springs of fresh water may be found in the midst of the sea, and as the fire-fly passes through the flames without burning his wings, so a vigorous and resolute soul may live in the world without being infected with any of its humors, may discover sweet springs of piety amidst its salt waters, and fly among the flames of earthly concupisence without burning the wings of the holy desires of a devout life."—It was only forbidden me, that here *alone*, in these common exposures of work and contacts of duty, is true Christian purity itself successfully cultivated. Alas; for the man who is obliged to be shut up to himself, as in the convent life, to face his own lusts, disorders, and passions, and strangle them in direct conflict, with nothing else to do to occupy the soul.—*Dr. Bushnell.*

Great Sermons.

At a late meeting of the Massachusetts ministers in Pittsfield, Dr. Todd warned his brethren against yielding to the temptation to preach "great sermons." He might have enforced his advice with the following illustrative anecdote:—

Dr. Ware, the elder, had made a special preparation for the pulpit one week, bestowing almost all his thought and care upon the morning discourse; and the result was what he considered one of his very best sermons. Saturday evening came, and he must get up something for the afternoon service, which of course must be more hastily and carelessly done. It was probably some brief and simple exposition of Scripture. Monday morning, the doctor walks out and meets one of his parishioners, who greets him very cordially. Parishioner—I must thank you, doctor, for that sermon; it has edified me more than I can tell you. Doctor—I bestowed much care upon it, and am glad that my labor was not lost. Parishioner—I assure you that it was not. It has cleared up my doubts and difficulties. Doctor—I presume you refer to the morning discourse. Parishioner—No sir,—the afternoon. The morning discourse,—I—I don't particularly remember about that.

Experience.

There is a pretty German story of a blind man, who, even under such a misfortune was happy—happy in a wife whom he passionately loved; her voice was soft and low, and he gave her credit for that beauty which (had he been a painter) was the object of his idolatry. A physician came, and curing the disease, restored the husband to sight, which he chiefly valued, as it would enable him to gaze on the lovely features of his wife. He looks and sees a face hideous in ugliness! He is restored to sight, but his happiness is over. Is not this human history? The cruel physician is experience.

If a young lady "throws herself away," *understand* she has married for love; if she is "comfortably settled," *understand* that she married a wealthy old man whom she hates.

A POPISH STORY.

St. John Climacus was caverned as a hermit in a rock, near Mount Sinai, in Syria, and became, at seventy-five, Abbot and Superior-General of all the monks and hermits of the country. He admired one of the principal citizens of Alexandria, in Egypt, who, petitioning to become a monk, was ordered to remain without the gate and manifest his obedience by staying there for seven years, and begging prayers for his leprous soul of every passenger. St. John also admired a monkish cook, because he generally cried while he cooked, and assigned as a reason, that "the fire he always had before his eyes, reminded him of the fire which will burn souls for all eternity." It is related that a woman who had committed so enormous a sin that she dare not confess it, came to St. John, who bade her write it and seal it, and give it to him, and he would pray for her; this she did, and shortly after St. John died. The woman, sorely afraid that her written secret would be read, wept and prayed at St. John's tomb, and begged he would appear and tell her what he had done with the paper; on a sudden, St. John came forth habited like a Bishop, with a Bishop on each side of him, and he said to the woman, "Why troublest thou me? thou sufferest us to have no rest; look here, our clothes are all wet with tears." Then he delivered to her the paper, sealed as she had given it to him, and said, "See here, look at the seal, open the writing, and read it." So she did; and she found all her sin "defaced clean out;" and instead thereof was written, "All thy sins are forgiven, and put away by the prayer of St. John, thy servant." Then she returned thanks, and St. John and his two Bishops returned to their sepulcher.

Very Grace-ful.

The Duke of R——, going on horseback, upon a visit to a worthy clergyman, at Nacton, near Landguard Fort, to take the diversion of shooting, desired a simple rustic about sixteen, who was servant in the family, to take care and rub down his horse, and not give him any water, when the lad replied, "Yes, maister—no, maister," on which the groom, who stood by, severely rebuked him for his rudeness, telling him that the person who alighted was a great man, "and whenever he bids you to do anything," said the groom, "you must be sure to say *Your Grace.*" Young Hob treasured up in his memory the advice he had received; a few days after, when the Duke mounted his horse, he bade the lad take the stirrup a hole lower; the boy, with great solemnity, answered, "*For what we are going to receive, Lord make us thankful!*"

The Difference between Wife and Life.

In the year 1803 Mr. Jay preached a sermon before the Correspondent Board in London of a society, incorporated by royal charter, for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland; and the Duke of Athol, and other distinguished individuals formed a part of his congregation on that occasion. At a meeting of the Board, the noble Duke being in the chair, it was unanimously resolved that their thanks should be given Mr. Jay for the sermon, and that he should be requested to permit the same to be printed for the use of the society. Such permission was given. The text was, "skin for skin; yea all that a man hath, will he give for his *life*." When the proof sheets of the sermon were sent to Mr. Jay for correction, he found that the printer had printed the text thus: "Skin for skin! yea, all that a man hath will be given for his *wife*." Instead of correcting the error in the usual way, he wrote in the margin, underlining the word "wife," "*That* depends on circumstances."—*Life of Rev. W. Jay.*

Believe.

Dr. Johnson could not find the primary meaning nor the origin of the word BELIEVE. It was formed from the Gothic BELIFIAN, which is something by which a person lives. When a man believes anything he adapts his life to it. Hence the great significance of this word. When a man professes to believe Christianity and fails to conform his life to it, he thereby shows that he does not believe what he professes. There are many such persons, to whom Plato's use of the word opinion, may be correctly applied. Plato said that "opinion is the half way house between ignorance and knowledge," and a great many opinions take their final lounge in the dominion of ignorance.

Poetry and Sentiment.

THOUGTS.

True thoughts, your days of grief are done,
No more shall scorn or hate impede you—
Born in the light where'er the sun
Shines on mankind, mankind shall heed you.
So grow ye grains of mustard-seed,
Grow each into a tree,
And kindle, sparks, to beal-fires bright,
That all the earth may see;
And spread, ye thoughts of Truth and Right,
O'er all humanity.

Time was when thoughts bore tears and death
To the wise and few who dared to raise them;
Time is when thoughts are living breath,
And the world's throbbing heart obeys them.
So grow, ye grains of mustard-seed,
Grow each into a tree,
And kindle, sparks, to beal-fires bright,
That all the earth may see;
And spread, ye workers for the Right,
Onwards eternally.

A CRUEL INSINUATION.

When man fell from his high estate,
As Eve *in sin* the apple *ate*,
Quoth Adam, "Woman's curse is great;
'Tis written in the book of fate,
For evermore IN-SIN-U-ATE."

Sir Peter Lely made it a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience that whenever he did so, his pencil took a tint from it. Apply the same rule to bad books and company.

There is nothing so unnatural, and therefore so revolutionary and convulsive, as the strain to keep things stationary, when all the world is, by the very law of its creation, in eternal progress.—*Dr. Arnold.*

FOUNTAIN HOUSE.

A home for Spiritualists, Temperance men and women, and for all others who ish for quiet, order and comfort. This house is now under the management of the subscriber, who will always be at his post ready to attend to the wants of those who may favor him with a call, at the corner of Harrison Avenue and Beach street.

39 tf E. V. WILSON, Manager for the Proprietors.

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On the whole we fully intend to make a journal which every Spiritualist will be *proud* to put in the hands of skeptic or believer and say, "There is an exponent of my principles!"

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Advertisements.

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This paper is not sectarian, but is hospitable to every reform movement, and to every earnest thought and respectful utterance pro and con., on all subjects tending to instruct and elevate mankind and the world. It assumes the office of a harbinger of reform and progress, and especially in the Religious, Spiritual, Intellectual, Industrial, Governmental and Social Departments of human life and Culture.

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Arrangements have been made to publish in this paper the Discourses of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. E. H. Chapin every Tuesday succeeding their delivery. Also Lectures and communications, from time to time, by A. J. Davis, Judge Edmonds, Mrs. Hatch, Rev. John Pierpont, T. W. Higginson, Ambler, Brittan, Spence and other eminent writers and lecturers. Price $2 per year, less 25 per cent, to Postmasters and agents, and clubs of ten or more subscribers.

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